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THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE new Parliament met on Thursday, and began its career by electing Mr. BRAND as Speaker. A member of the Conservative party proposed his nomination, a member of the Liberal party seconded it, and Mr. GLADSTONE added the expression of his legitimate satisfaction that a Speaker whose original selection had been his work should have so conducted himself in the last Parliament that a new Parliament was unwilling to lose the great benefit of his services, although the power of deciding who shall be Speaker has now passed to Mr. BRAND's political adversaries. In 1841 the same thing occurred, and then as now a Conservative majority adopted the choice previously made by their opponents. Mr. BRAND started under the disadvantage of having to combat the suspicion that the peculiar office he had held might have imbued him with the spirit of a partisan. In the course of two years he not only dispelled that suspicion, but convinced every one that he was as perfectly impartial as any Speaker that ever occupied the chair, and possessed in a remarkable degree the very exceptional qualifications which a really good Speaker must possess. When such a man, with ample experience and acquaintance with his duties, was known to exist, the Conservatives would have made a great mistake if they had used their majority to give his place to some one else; and as they had made up their minds to retain him, they very wisely, through Mr. CHAPLIN, did what they did in the handsomest manner, and strengthened his hands by a hearty and unanimous adhesion. A good Speaker is at all times essential to the House of Commons, but there are special reasons why such a man is wanted now. The new Parliament is full of new members, and something like a third of the House finds itself at Westminster for the first time. These novices have to learn the forms of the House, and it is a great gain to them to know that they will be under a teacher who, by general consent, is allowed to be a master of his art. Some change of this sort necessarily happens at every general election, and there will always be a large number of members who have to begin at the beginning of Parliamentary business. The new members are now more numerous than in the average of new Parliaments, but still the mere excess of new members does not make any great difference. The graver reasons that make the choice of as good a Speaker as can be got peculiarly desirable now are to be sought in the composition of the House itself. In the first place, as Lord GEORGE CAVENTISH pointed out, many of those who in preceding Parliaments were conspicuous for their knowledge of Parliamentary business have now disappeared. Mr. BOUVIER, Sir GEORGE GREY, and Colonel WILSON PATTEN are no longer present to bring their patiently-acquired knowledge to bear on the conduct of affairs in the House of Commons; and the SPEAKER will therefore have to work with less assistance than he had before the dissolution. In the next place, there is the strange body of Home Rulers, who are to come to Westminster as a separate and isolated group, belonging to neither party, and prepared to give every question that can be started a peculiar Irish twist. To annoy, to harass, and to weary is the policy they propose to themselves. Probably they will soon get tired of the task they have undertaken. This is not the first time that a little faction has set itself to become powerful by being as disagreeable as possible; and the House of Commons has always shown a skill in meeting such manoeuvres which other Assemblies have not always known how to imitate. But it is obvious that, if any attempt of the kind is made by the Home Rulers, the

efforts of the House to assert its dignity and supremacy will be much facilitated if the chair is occupied by a Speaker who possesses general confidence, and who can be relied on to be as firm, as courteous, and as impartial in dealing with Home Rulers as in dealing with any one else.

Up to the time when the House of Commons met there was no cease in the flow of speculation on the causes which have led to the strange result of a Liberal majority of nearly seventy being turned into a Conservative majority of fifty. The blunders of the late Government, the rashness of Mr. GLADSTONE, the want of spirit in foreign policy, the alienation of powerful interests, the revolutionary programme of extreme Liberals, the meanness of an excessive economy, have all been amply commented on, and different critics have their own theories as to which of these causes of the defeat of the Liberal party have worked most powerfully. The inquiry seems now to have reached the limits to which it can be usefully carried, and it is beginning to be found that even when fresh speculators come into the field they have not much that is fresh in the way of speculation to offer. Now that the new Parliament has met, it is natural to inquire what it is likely to do rather than how it came into existence. Every guess as to the prevailing tone and character of a body which has yet to reveal its qualities must necessarily be merely a guess; but it is not perhaps very hazardous to estimate that the prevailing tone and character of the new House will be that of a Palmerstonian Liberalism. Those who think it will be reactionary would do much to assist criticism if they would explain in what directions they think reaction possible. It is much more probable that the Conservatives will try to occupy new fields of legislation, and in administration to make small practical improvements, than to undo the work of their predecessors. For the task of making a new era in several departments of legislation the Conservatives have certainly a golden opportunity. To begin with, they can take their time. That they should do little or nothing this year is assumed as quite in keeping with their proper position. Mr. DISRAELI has set the example by making up with unusual slowness the long list of his minor appointments, and now that he has finished, it may be said to his credit that there is not a single appointment he has made to which exception can be taken. Law Reform, Sanitary Reform, and Local Taxation are subjects which must be dealt with very slowly and very carefully if they are to be dealt with at all; and the more slowly they are dealt with the less will a Conservative Government be willing to abandon the reputation of having devised equitable and comprehensive measures for the passing triumph of favouring the peculiar interests of its supporters. To turn from a sphere of activity to new fields where party spirit ought not to be allowed to dominate, and to show activity by doing one thing at once and doing it well, will be the best policy for the Conservatives and for the country that the Government can pursue. They wish to signalize themselves by a happy contrast with the Government they have defeated, and it is in this way that they will have the means of making such a contrast most apparent.

There are times for all things; and now is the time for careful work in matters of great practical importance, but not of any very stirring interest. This may be allowed without saying that this is the only mode in which the business of a nation is to be transacted. There is also a time when energy, impetuous activity, enthusiasm, a desire to get through masses of work although they may be got through imperfectly, are needed and approved by a nation. The alternations of party Government are meant to supply

the country with alternations of workmen fitted by character and training for the differences of the work that has to be done. Exactly in the same way there may be alternations of saving and spending Governments, to the gain and not to the loss of the nation. Economy may be pushed too far, and spending may be pushed too far, and we get right in the long run by having some Governments that look after every halfpenny and some Governments that give away sixpences like gentlemen. But in England no Government is or ought to be unchecked in the development of its own special tendencies. The Opposition ought to be always at hand to do its duty, and to limit whatever is extreme in the conduct of its adversaries. It had been rumoured that Mr. GLADSTONE, pained, as he might naturally be, by the strong rebuke the country has administered to him, and disgusted by the great change of position now forced on him, was about to shrink from the discharge of his duties as leader of the Opposition, and would appear only now and then as a messenger of warning or menace in the Parliamentary arena. When, therefore, it was seen that he was in his place on the first day of the gathering of the new House, and took his proper part in the ceremonies attending the election of the Speaker, his appearance was greeted with cheers that had a significance which must have been as intelligible to him as to every one else. To perform the duties of a leader of Opposition with dignity, resolution, and calmness is not an easy task for any one, and it is a task which will probably be especially distasteful to Mr. GLADSTONE. But it is a task which he cannot abandon without shrinking from his duty to his country. Mr. DISRAELI was in many respects an admirable leader of Opposition; but it cannot be concealed that the Conservative party did not always do its duty when it was confronted by the late Liberal majority. The unfortunate appointment of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE as one of the negotiators at Washington, as they were termed, or as one of the recipients of Ministerial telegrams, as they might have been styled more appropriately, was accepted by the Opposition as a reason why they should pass over the strange settlement of the *Alabama* question as beyond the pale of their criticism. Conservative candidates at the recent elections were eager to appeal to the wounded pride which they found the settlement had awakened in the nation; but the leaders of their party had done little or nothing to avert such mischief as this settlement involved, or to protest against it while there was still time for opposition to be effectual. Subsequently, the value of an intelligent Opposition was strikingly shown by the success with which Mr. HARDY forced on the Government the conviction that, in undertaking to obtain the consent of other nations to the new rules of international law, they had undertaken something which they had much better quietly abandon. The Liberal party has now no programme; nothing to fight for, nothing to propose. There is all the more reason that it should set itself to perform satisfactorily the functions of an Opposition, and should, without captious interference, keep that watch over the Ministry which is so salutary both to the nation and to the Ministry itself.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

AMONG the many little wars which from time to time occur on the outskirts of a widely extended Empire, the contest with the Ashantees will not have been the least instructive. The Caffres of Southern Africa, the Maoris of New Zealand, and several of the hill tribes of India have proved that uncivilized enemies are not to be despised, and also that, when adequate use is made of superior weapons and discipline, they are not to be feared. Although English troops have almost uniformly succeeded in encounters with barbarous tribes, the relative superiority of Europeans to coloured races has in the course of three or four centuries rather declined than advanced. The exploits of the Spanish conquerors of America have not been approached by modern imitators. With a few hundred men, aided indeed by native auxiliaries, CORTES and PIZARRO not only defeated, but permanently subdued, great and populous States which were wealthier, and in some respects more polished, than their own native country. The English soldier of the nineteenth century is probably as brave as the Spaniard of the sixteenth, and he is incomparably better armed. In the present campaign the General in command is not known to have made a mistake; and if he has been compelled to prepare for the evacuation of the enemy's capital a

day or two after he has forced his way into it, the danger which he apprehended is that of climate and not of armed resistance; but even in the temperate region of New Zealand, uncivilized warriors met English troops with no extraordinary superiority of numbers. It is supposed that at Amoaful and in the subsequent skirmishes the Ashantees were numerous, though it was impossible to calculate their strength. It is remarkable that they appear to have been exempt from panic. The Mexicans and the Peruvians were terrified by the rude firearms of the Spanish invaders, but now one of the blessings of commercial intercourse consists in the universal diffusion of muskets and gunpowder. Savages are still fortunately unable to buy cannon or to make rockets; but they have finally discarded bows and arrows, which would not be formidable weapons in an African jungle. Competent critics admit that the tactics of the Ashantees are well adapted to the nature of the country which they defend; and on the whole, notwithstanding some questionable tendencies, they seem to possess qualities which have not been usually attributed to the negro race.

Mr. GOLDSWORTHY's telegraphic message from Cape Coast Castle, dated on the 8th February, affords some ground for hoping that the war had ended with the capture of the Ashantee KING. Unluckily, the want of forethought, or of practical imagination, which has prevailed on the Gold Coast since the beginning of the campaign greatly impairs the value of Mr. GOLDSWORTHY's private letter. A date attached to the event which he undertakes to record would have been far more instructive than a statement of the time at which he forwarded his message. It is also puzzling to be informed that a special steamer was getting up steam to carry to Madeira news of the highest importance which has nevertheless not been received by the Government. Mr. GOLDSWORTHY himself was last heard of as commanding the reserve levies on the left bank of the Volta, while Captain GLOVER advanced to the aid of the Commander-in-Chief with that part of the force which could be induced to cross the river. It must be assumed that Mr. GOLDSWORTHY has since been compelled by illness to retire to Cape Coast Castle; and it may be hoped that some English officer was ready to occupy his post on the Volta. At present no reliance can be placed on any information beyond the two meagre despatches which have been received in inverted order, and with some confusion of statement, from Sir GARNET WOLSELEY. A week ago it was known that he was at Coomassie on the 5th of February, having entered the town apparently on the 4th, after four days of hard fighting, which began on the 31st of January with the serious battle of Amoaful. On the 2nd Sir GARNET WOLSELEY reports that he has since the battle met with but insignificant resistance. It would therefore appear that after the date of the despatch which arrived on Thursday last he must again have had to fight his way through a hostile force. If the intelligence communicated to his friends by Mr. GOLDSWORTHY proves to be correct, the KING, who was out of reach of the English troops after their arrival at Coomassie, must have voluntarily surrendered himself a prisoner. So great an advantage can only have been obtained by a threat of destroying the town unless ample security were provided for the unmolested retreat of the invading force. It may be conjectured that, if the KING is really a prisoner, he will be compelled to accompany the English general to the coast, with an understanding that he shall be escorted back to his own country by a force sufficient to ensure his personal safety.

It is difficult, at a distance from the seat of war, to share Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's natural indignation at the treachery imputed to the Ashantee KING. His undertaking, conveyed through the released missionaries, that he would not resist the English troops even if they were in the marketplace of Coomassie, was at the best a *nudum pactum*, or bargain without valuable consideration. A promise given by a person who cannot reasonably be expected to keep it constitutes, even under the strictest moral code, but an imperfect obligation. When it is offered by an enemy in the midst of war, a profession of peaceable intentions is scarcely more than an allowable military stratagem. The KING had, according to the despatches, succeeded in impressing on his white prisoners his "entire inability to fight again, and his determination not to do so." One of their number, Mr. DAWSON, who was not liberated with the German missionaries, appears not to have partaken of their credulity.

"Information obtained from Mr. DAWSON's boy, sent down with the envoys, and the significant hint furnished by Mr. DAWSON himself," prepared Sir GARNET WOLSELEY for a possible violation of the promises which the KING was supposed to have made. It appears from another account that Mr. Dawson concluded a short note relating to other matters with a pious reference to a text in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, which contains a warning against the wiles of SATAN. The Commander-in-Chief or his Staff fortunately understood, on referring to the passage, that the enemy of mankind was a type or symbol of the enemy in front. Even without reference to Mr. DAWSON's ingenious hint, the General had wisely resolved to relax none of his preparations. His line of communication was carefully protected; and as soon as it was known that a hostile force was threatening his front and flanks, all his dispositions had already been made for an advance in force. It would indeed have been inexcusable to omit any precaution in reliance on the promises of the enemy; but it may perhaps have been judicious to delay the march on Coomassie as long as there was a reasonable chance of avoiding a collision. The halt which was made before the battle of Amoafal was not altogether a waste of time, as it happened that some days were required for the accumulation of stores. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY refers without anxiety to the attacks made by the enemy on his communications; and on his return to the coast the difficulty of defending the line will have been greatly diminished.

Little has been heard lately of the great moral reforms which were to be effected by an English victory. In the course of two days' stay at Coomassie Sir GARNET WOLSELEY will have had no opportunity of teaching the KING the value of the lives of his subjects and his captives. If it were possible to restrain the cruelty of the Ashantees, it would be wrong to cultivate any superstitious dread of interference; but the English nation is free from all responsibility for criminal practices which it has no means of preventing. An indirect moral lesson may possibly be conveyed in the practical demonstration that troops which are neither the instruments nor the victims of wholesale murder are more than a match for Ashantee warriors. If no inference in favour of milder customs is drawn from the success of the expedition, the native intellect must be left to its own conclusions. The possession of courage and military aptitude implies for the most part a capacity for general improvement. The Fantees, although some of them have assumed a varnish of external civilization, are probably in a more hopeless condition than their vigorous enemies. The fuller reports of the campaign will explain how far the Ashantees have made progress in the arts of peace. The architecture of Coomassie is probably not ambitious nor complicated; but it may perhaps be adapted to the simple wants of the inhabitants. The apparent inconsistency between a desire for commercial access to the coast and a studious abstinence from the construction of roads is easily to be explained. As the English troops have practically found, a jungle or forest only traversed by narrow footpaths is one of the most effective kinds of fortification. It would have been impossible for a native enemy to overcome the resistance which cost Sir GARNET WOLSELEY so dear. The climate offers a sufficient protection against a European invader during the greater part of the year; and the difficulty of communication all but completes the absolute security of the capital. The extreme unwillingness of the neighbouring tribes to join the expedition is no longer surprising.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE INCOME-TAX.

PARLIAMENT will not be able to meet for the despatch of business till the 17th or 18th of March, and the Income-tax will expire on the 31st; formal votes must be taken in the interval, and at least one Bill must be carried through both Houses. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will consequently be obliged with the smallest possible delay to make up his mind as to the renewal or abandonment of the Income-tax, and to obtain the assent of the House of Commons to his proposals. The remainder of the Budget may be conveniently deferred beyond the short Easter recess; but evidently the financial policy of the year will depend on the resolutions which may be adopted with respect to the Income-tax. If Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE should, in emulation of Mr. GLADSTONE, hastily throw away five or six millions of revenue, he will probably not

also create a deficit by the repeal of other taxes, for the purpose of afterwards filling up the void by newfangled adjustments. The non-renewal of the Income-tax would be therefore virtually a Budget in itself, involving the advantage of a necessary postponement of the ill-advised project of relieving the rates at the expense of the national revenue. Unfortunately, the Conservative party, though in other respects it is unincumbered by pledges, has for purposes of its own attached an artificial importance to the supposed grievance of excessive charges on rateable property; and it is nearly certain that the new Government will propose some public contribution in aid of local taxation. Insuperable difficulties would defeat any attempt to rate personal property; and the burden, if it is necessary to shift it from land and houses, would most conveniently be placed upon income. It would be impossible to increase taxes on consumption for the purpose of diminishing charges on occupiers or owners. On the whole, it may be concluded that the Income-tax will be renewed, either at the present rate or at a reduced percentage; and perhaps the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER may not greatly regret that circumstances compel him to arrive in a hurry at the decision to which he would probably incline on mature reflection. There was much force in Mr. GLADSTONE's remark that it was scarcely worth while to impose on the taxpayers the necessary inconvenience of inquiries into their income, except for the purpose of obtaining a large amount of revenue. A demand of threepence in the pound is not excessively burdensome; but even twopence in the pound would produce three millions a year, which is an amount not to be despised by a Finance Minister. Notwithstanding frequent complaints of the violation of secrecy, and other collateral evils arising from the tax, human nature really revolts against the payment of money more readily than against any other form of vexation. If the machinery of the tax is inquisitorial, it still makes a great difference whether an inquisitor extorts twopence or a shilling. Even the sluggish honesty of traders under Schedule D is forcibly stimulated by every successive reduction in the rate of taxation.

The PRIME MINISTER, although he has undertaken to receive a deputation on the Income-tax, will probably show his good sense by leaving the financial arrangements to the uncontrolled discretion of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. It would be highly undesirable that Mr. DISRAELI's hasty declaration in the course of the late election should be allowed to influence the policy of his Government. Mr. GLADSTONE's sudden offer of a gigantic bribe to the constituencies tempted his rival to bid against him in the assertion that any Ministry would, if possible, abolish the Income-tax. When a few days had been allowed for reflection, Mr. DISRAELI partially corrected his original mistake by proposing to reduce the Income-tax, rather than to abolish it. A statesman who was, like Sir ROBERT PEEL and Mr. GLADSTONE, specially acquainted with the principles of finance, would have abstained from professions of opinion which were certainly not the result of careful deliberation. If the Government is in any way bound by speeches at Aylesbury or Buckingham, the tax may perhaps be reduced to twopence in the pound, though it would be much better to maintain the present rate. The sacrifice of a penny in the pound would for the current year fall short of a million, so that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER would still dispose of a considerable surplus. It would be far more judicious to raise to a higher level the limits both of total and partial exemption. Taxpayers who have less than 300*l.* a year spend a large proportion of their incomes on taxable commodities; and consequently they have a claim to relief from direct taxation. Many incomes between 100*l.* and 200*l.* a year are now practically exempt, because they cannot be reached; and it would be in the highest degree equitable to place clerks, petty tradesmen, and small annuitants in the same position which is already occupied by artisans receiving high wages. It would be a still better plan to allow an equal deduction from all incomes, large or small, before the residue was subjected to taxation. The comparatively wealthy classes may, apart from considerations of public expediency and justice, be well assured that it is not for their interest to tamper with a moderate burden of direct taxation. Mr. GLADSTONE's threat of adjustments offers a wholesome warning to the owners of property; and it is absurd to suppose that if rents and dividends were heavily taxed the enormous profits of trade and manufacturing industry would be allowed total exemption. In the speech with which he introduced his

great Budget of 1853, Mr. GLADSTONE declared that the alternative of an Income-tax of sevenpence in the pound would be a tax on land, houses, and visible property, of sixpence in the pound, a system of 7l. licences on trade, and an undefined change in the legacy duties. It is true that at the present moment the Income-tax might be removed at the expense of the estimated surplus; but the appropriation of the whole amount to the relief of the upper and middle classes would be in the highest degree invidious and impolitic. The payers of Income-tax ought not to forget that Mr. GLADSTONE proposed to charge them exclusively with the cost of all future wars, and, by analogy, with the duty of covering deficits which might occur in time of peace.

In the year 1862 Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE published a useful and singularly dispassionate History of Twenty Years of Financial Policy, beginning with Sir ROBERT PEEL'S Budget of 1842. In the course of his narrative he necessarily recorded the substance of the successive debates on the Income-tax in 1842, in 1845, in 1848, in 1851, 1853, and in the years which followed the Crimean War. After twelve years of additional experience since the publication of his work, Sir S. NORTHCOTE is not likely to repeat the popular cant that a tax which has lasted during two-and-thirty years of almost unbroken peace is essentially a war tax because the first Income-tax was imposed by PITT in 1798. Sir ROBERT PEEL intended that the tax should be temporary when he imposed it in 1842 with the main object of restoring the financial equilibrium. Having attained his original object, when he renewed the tax in 1845 he had already so far modified his policy that he used the tax for the purpose of reforming the tariff, a task which might probably require several years for its completion. In 1848 the Government of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, who had offered the strongest resistance to the tax in the time of Sir ROBERT PEEL, was defeated in an attempt to raise the rate from sevenpence to a shilling. Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI in 1852 displayed similar disregard for the protests which they had made in Opposition, although the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER included in his Budget a mischievous scheme of unequal assessment as between trade profits and fixed incomes. Mr. GLADSTONE made, for the first time in 1853, a serious attempt to provide for the extinction of the tax in a period of seven years; but, finding himself once more in office in 1860, he renewed, and even proposed to increase, the tax for purposes analogous to those of Sir ROBERT PEEL. It must be admitted that his late proposal, although it was improperly addressed to the nation and not to the House of Commons, was consistent with the opinions which he expressed one-and-twenty years ago. That the tax has during the whole of the interval been deemed indispensable is a strong argument in favour of its utility and justice. Shiftings of taxation, though they are sometimes on the whole desirable, always involve inequality and hardship. If the tax were now to be abolished, and, in consequence of any foreign complication, to be reimposed in the course of a few years, the annoyance which would be inflicted would greatly outweigh the immediate relief. In choosing between direct and indirect taxation, financiers are well aware that duties on consumption have a tendency to derange trade and therefore to diminish wealth, while the pressure of the Income-tax corresponds accurately with the proceeds. All theory is in favour of direct taxation; and it is not prudent unnecessarily to challenge objections which may be difficult to answer. On every ground it would be a rash experiment to prepare for the Budget by annihilating the surplus, or by reducing it to an insignificant amount. The late Ministers deluded themselves into the belief that they had created a surplus which was due to the unexampled prosperity of trade. Their successors, who will not be able to indulge in a similar hallucination, have still less temptation to use their fiscal good luck for the purpose of obtaining a hollow popularity.

PRINCE BISMARCK ON ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

THERE is always one merit in Prince BISMARCK'S speeches; it is impossible to mistake what he means. When he has to say a thing, he says it, and lets all the world into his secrets. So much is this the case that it has been supposed that his extreme terseness and frankness of speech are partly due to his wish to show how greatly his

style in the treatment of political and diplomatic business differs from that of the late Emperor NAPOLEON. The circumstances of the two men are very different. The EMPEROR was always trying hazardous strokes, feeling his way, watching how far it would be safe to go. He had to accustom his subjects to new ideas and combinations as to the value of which he was never perfectly sure. Prince BISMARCK has an incontestable position, puts boldly forward what he knows to be the opinions and wishes of the great majority of his countrymen, and seeks to lead them by pointing out the precise direction in which he wishes them to go. But it is scarcely possible that he should not be strengthened in following the natural bent of his mind by his experience of the mischief which ultimately arose from the policy of France being made for so many years an affair of dark schemes, obscure words, and grandiloquent sentiments. A motion was made a few days ago in the German Parliament the object of which was to terminate the present system of government in the annexed provinces. They are under a state of siege, and are administered by a virtually despotic authority. Prince BISMARCK resolutely opposed this motion. Alsace and Lorraine were in a state of siege, and nothing else would do. They had been forced to belong to Germany, and nothing but force could keep them in subjection to the German Empire. He did not for a moment pretend that the inhabitants of these provinces wished to be counted as Germans, and to have the Fatherland as their home. The recent experience he has gained as to their real wishes from the behaviour of the deputies they have selected to represent them in the German Parliament was such as to leave no doubt on his mind that they look on themselves as conquered aliens. But he thought it a very good thing for them that the question of the treatment they are to receive had been raised in the national Parliament. He even asked them to observe how much better they were treated than conquered Germans would have been if they had been annexed to France. At Versailles, he took upon himself to say, there would have been no liberty of speech under such circumstances. The victims of war would have been made to hold their tongues. Probably the deputies of the annexed provinces did not think that the liberty of speech did them much good, as all it came to was that it gave Prince BISMARCK an opportunity of saying that Germany did not affect to regard their opinions or wishes. The liberty of speech was principally on Prince BISMARCK'S side, and it was a liberty that degenerated into something like license when he diverged into a passing remark that the Alsations and Lorrainers deserved to suffer for the war of 1870 because they had not protested against it. They were Frenchmen, and like other Frenchmen considered the question from a purely French point of view, and had no more power or disposition to protest than the people of Bordeaux or Brittany. As they have been conquered and are treated as conquered people, they can scarcely be asked to accept it as a matter of reproach to them that before they were conquered they hoped victory might befriend their side. To be quite explicit as to the intentions of the German Government in the administration of the annexed provinces was right, but Prince BISMARCK in his wish to be explicit need not have gone so far as to blame those over whom he had triumphed for their misfortunes.

We took Alsace and Lorraine, Prince BISMARCK observed, because we wanted a bulwark to defend our rights. This is the beginning and the end of his justification. The Rhine was not a bulwark, but, with Strasburg and Metz and the line of the Vosges, Germany has a very great security against invasion. It must be remembered that the whole plan of the campaign on the part of the French was to invade Germany. The advantage which the Emperor NAPOLEON thought that he had secured was that he could pour his troops into South Germany before the German army could be got ready. His scheme failed only because the mismanagement of military matters in France had reached such a pitch that he could not get his troops together in time. But what encouraged the French to go to war more than anything else was the general belief that the war would be fought on German ground, that it would be German villages that would be burnt, and German crops that would be trodden down. All the old wars between France and Germany showed that, if the French could but get the start, the German frontier could be easily crossed. To alter this state of things, to make it easy for the Germans to enter France and very difficult for the French to enter Germany, was the great prize which Germany

sought to obtain by its enormous and exhausting efforts, and succeeded in obtaining. The necessary cost at which this success was won was that a couple of millions of people were made Germans against their will, which was bad for them, and also very bad for Germany; but as Germany could not get what it wanted otherwise, it determined to pay the price rather than fail in its object. It certainly does not lie in the mouths of Englishmen to protest on philanthropic grounds against such a proceeding. We took Malta because it gave us the command of the Mediterranean, and the Cape because it secured our communications with India, and we never troubled ourselves about the wishes of the Maltese or the Dutch boors. But at the outset the Germans hoped that they had a pleasanter title to the annexed provinces than the rude right of conquest. They delighted in imagining that they would be regarded as liberators freeing oppressed Germans from the chains of the foreigner. It would have been so pleasant if the Alsatians had but understood ethnology and the obscurer parts of modern history, and rushed into the arms of their loving German friends and relatives. These bright hopes are now at an end. Prince BISMARCK says that it was idle to suppose that the inhabitants of the annexed provinces would get to like German institutions in a single generation. In a couple of centuries he thinks new habits may be formed, and Alsatians be as good Germans as could be wished. This is a sad come-down from the ardent aspirations of three years ago. But Prince BISMARCK does not in the least mind stating what every one knows to be a fact. Whether Alsatians are pleased or not pleased, Germany has got her bulwark.

It is often taken for granted that the world has got beyond these harsh rights of conquest, and it is said that France more especially had at least the good taste to go through the form of a plébiscite when Savoy and Nice were annexed under the Second Empire. But Savoy and Nice were not annexed by virtue of conquest. They were but outlying parts of a kingdom the mass of which was in Italy. Their trade, their language, and many of their traditions bound them to France. When NAPOLEON entered on his first Italian campaign, the King of SARDINIA handed over Nice and Savoy to France without making any difficulty about it, and as the most natural thing in the world. The plébiscite was managed no doubt when Savoy and Nice were annexed, as plébiscites were ordinarily managed under the Empire. Lavish promises were made, clever people got voters to the poll, opposition was discountenanced and quietly stifled. But there was nothing like the feeling to be surmounted which existed in Alsace and Lorraine against annexation to Germany. Plébiscites, when such a feeling exists, are impossible unless they are so contrived as to be a mere hypocrisy and mockery. The late Emperor NAPOLEON did want to annex districts that would have hated to be annexed to France. He wished to get, if not the whole of the left bank of the Rhine, yet as much of it as was possible, and it was because England would not agree to his projects of conquest that the scheme of an alliance to protect Denmark fell through. He was beaten, first in diplomacy, and then in war, by Prince BISMARCK; but if he had succeeded he meant to do to the Germans exactly what Germany has now done to France. He would have annexed, if he could, a purely German population that would have hated to become French. In that case a plébiscite would have been either a miserable failure or a scandalous imposture. To cover violence under some form of liberality and generosity is, however, dear to the minds of many in these days of kindly sentiment; and when the vote was taken on the motion against which Prince BISMARCK spoke, it appeared that the Fortschritt, or advanced Liberal, party had ranged itself on the side of his opponents. This section of the supporters of the motion had not the slightest notion of doing what the inhabitants of the annexed districts really wished, or of abandoning an inch of the bulwark of Germany; but they would have liked to persuade themselves that this bulwark might be retained, and yet something pleasant be done for the poor Alsatians whose treatment seemed scarcely in harmony with Liberal principles. On the other hand, the Ultramontanes did not put out their strength against Prince BISMARCK. Perhaps their leaders were too wise to placard an unpatriotic wish to spoil Germany of its bulwark, and thought that a new excuse for the ecclesiastical laws might be drawn from the readiness of the friends of the priests to sacrifice German to French interests. Perhaps, too, some of them agree with the Bishop of STRASBURG, and hold that the

Treaty of Frankfort, however lamentable may be its consequences, must be upheld because it is a treaty, and therefore binding on the consciences of all subject to the signatories. Anyhow the majority which Prince BISMARCK commanded—nearly sixty in a House little over three hundred—was decisive enough to settle the question for the present; and the inhabitants of the annexed provinces must be convinced that nothing but main force will induce Germany to give up the bulwark it has got, and that if they cannot reconcile themselves to their hard and undeserved fate, and learn to live peaceably, if not contentedly, under their conquerors, they will be ruled with a discipline as stern as the German Government, which has large notions on the value and efficacy of stern discipline, may think desirable.

SPAIN.

THE last Spanish Revolution has not yet produced the expected result of accelerating the close of the Carlist civil war. Marshal SERRANO, now Chief of the Executive Government, seemed to have many advantages over his predecessor, both as a military leader and because he was not encumbered with a factious Assembly. During nearly the whole of his term of office CASTELAR was compelled to devote his chief attention to the Separatist revolt of Carthagenia, which was encouraged by a considerable section of the Cortes. The Republican Minister had also to counteract the immediate consequences of the demoralization and partial dissolution of the army through the agitation formerly promoted by himself and his political allies. While the attention of the Government was distracted by two mutually hostile insurrections, it was more surprising that the Carlists were confined to their own provinces than that the pacification of the North was found to be impossible. With a patriotic energy which will perhaps efface the memory of the mischief produced by his irresponsible eloquence, CASTELAR when in office devoted all his efforts to the reorganization of the army; and there was reason to hope that his successors would reap the fruit of his exertions. From the time when General PAVIA, amidst universal approval, turned the Cortes out of doors, the whole of Spain outside the districts occupied by the Carlists has acquiesced in a Government which has the paramount merit of not having proceeded from universal suffrage. It may be assumed that Marshal SERRANO and his colleagues have done their utmost to succour the army of the North; but nevertheless the Carlists have obtained several advantages, and finally they have defeated General MORIONES with heavy loss in the only engagement since the beginning of the war which approaches to the rank of a pitched battle. For some time past the Carlist leaders have surrounded and threatened the important town of Bilbao, situated on the river of the same name, and said to be in amount of trade the second port of Spain. The production of iron and steel, which made Bilbao famous in the middle ages, has now attained larger dimensions in the neighbourhood, and it was of great importance to the Carlists to obtain possession of the most considerable place which they have hitherto attempted to occupy. General MORIONES, having abundant means of transport by sea, more than once transferred his forces to different points on the coast to the east and west of Bilbao. Finally he attacked, with an army of which the numbers are variously estimated at twenty or thirty thousand men, the Carlist line from the landward side, while the estuary of the Bilbao river was guarded by the Spanish squadron. After an action in which he is reported to have lost six thousand men, MORIONES retreated to his former position, and applied to the Government of Madrid both to send him reinforcements and to provide him with a successor in the command of the Northern army. In answer to his appeal Marshal SERRANO himself, accompanied by Admiral TOPETE, has arrived at Santander, for the purpose of directing the military operations. The Chief of the Government is attended by an escort said to amount to two thousand men; but it is not yet known whether he has been able to provide sufficient reinforcements.

SERRANO is far advanced in years, and his laurels have, like those of other Spanish generals, been acquired only in civil war; but he is supposed to possess some military skill; and he has every motive for doing his utmost to terminate the resistance of the Carlists. Having become by a battle won over the troops of Queen ISABELLA the hero of Alcolea,

Marshal SERRANO would gladly be also the hero of Bilbao or Tolosa if he could obtain a victory over the QUEEN's cousin and competitor. It would seem that in General ELIO, and perhaps in other Carlist chiefs, SERRANO is likely to find capable opponents. The scattered bands which more than a year ago began the insurrection appear to have gradually consolidated themselves into a regular army; and while they have repeatedly baffled the Republican troops, the Carlist troops have during the campaign incurred no serious disaster. No reliance can be placed on vague statements of the comparative numbers of the contending parties. In artillery, and probably in cavalry, the army of the Madrid Government possesses a great superiority; and some at least of the few guns which are now at the disposal of the Carlists have been taken from the enemy. It is another serious disadvantage that the command of the sea rests, as in the American Civil War, with the central Government. It may be inferred from a late proclamation of blockade of some of the Northern ports that the Carlists receive supplies from the sea; but they have no vessel of war in their possession; nor have they any means of organizing a navy. The obstinate resistance of the Carthagea insurgents was rendered possible by their early seizure of the squadron which they found in the port. If the Southern Home Rulers had been able, like the Carlists, to levy recruits from a sympathetic population, or if the Carlists had possessed three or four iron-clad vessels, either revolt would probably have been successful. The progress of the Carlists has so greatly exceeded expectation that it might be almost supposed that victory was in their reach; but even when anarchy prevailed throughout Spain and in the ranks of the Republican army, the Carlists were never able to leave their own districts and to march on Madrid. The army which has now defeated MORIONES is perhaps better qualified for an offensive campaign; but it is at present impossible to judge of its strength or of its resources. An intelligible explanation has been given of the mode in which Don CARLOS provides for the expenses of the campaign. Bilbao will, if it is taken, probably be compelled to furnish a liberal contribution; but the little towns and rural districts of the Northern provinces would long since have been alienated from the cause of royalty if they had been compelled to pay the cost of the war. It is not absolutely impossible that the result of the war may be the permanent or temporary separation of a part of the country north of the Ebro from the Spanish monarchy or republic. The Royalists might console themselves for imperfect success by comparing themselves to PELAYO and his Gothic companions who prepared in the Northern mountains for the ultimate reconquest in a distant age of the entire Peninsula from the Moors. On the other hand, the sympathies of Federal Republicans ought not to be excessively shocked by the development of provincial autonomy into absolute independence. Prophecies of the future of Spain would be idle, except as far as they foreshadow strange possibilities.

In the midst of war, political controversy, as well as law, is silent; and it might be plausibly alleged that Don CARLOS and SERRANO are equally contending for personal supremacy and absolute rule. Representative government, after its utter collapse, will not soon be even nominally re-established in Spain; nor is the experiment, if it is hereafter tried, likely to be successful. Marshal SERRANO has, almost without attracting attention, recently converted himself from a Minister into a President; and the duration of his power, in the absence of some fresh revolution, depends wholly on his own discretion. Marshal MACMAHON, and M. THIERS himself, perhaps borrowed from the former Regency of SERRANO the notion of a provisional kind of Monarchy which might be either indefinitely continued or changed for a more regular form of government; but in France there has always been a sovereign Assembly, while the Chief of the Spanish Executive is responsible to no superior. A Septennate or Quinquennate without a Parliament is scarcely distinguishable from a dictatorship, which again approximates to the type of absolute monarchy. Don CARLOS would perhaps not object to the convocation of some kind of Cortes, on the understanding that the Assembly should not control the prerogative of the King. Marshal SERRANO will never summon a Cortes unless he is well assured that the majority will do his bidding. Nevertheless the political similarity of the contending parties is rather formal and superficial than real. Parties are guided more by circumstance and tradition than by professions of doctrine; and SERRANO and TOPETE belong to the present gene-

ration, while Don CARLOS meditates an anachronistic revival of the past. In the worst days of Queen ISABELLA's reign intelligent Spaniards consoled themselves for the scandals of the Court and the abuses of the Government by the thought that despotism and bigotry were excrescences on the existing system, while they would form the essence of a Carlist monarchy. SERRANO may probably protect the Church, but he will never acknowledge its supremacy. Though he may be regarded as owing his present position to the support of the army, he will probably wish to justify his possession of power by using it in accordance with the sentiments of the respectable and moderate part of the community. It is a great security against despotism that SERRANO cannot, like Don CARLOS, practise it by right divine. He has the good fortune of having on his return to supreme power succeeded to the least popular Government which has ever ruled in Spain. A Federal Republic against which all Federal Republicans protested has left behind it neither regret nor possibility of revival. On the whole, notwithstanding the admiration which the Carlist chiefs and troops have deserved by their heroic efforts, it is for the interest of Spain that the Central Government should succeed in suppressing the insurrection. A year and a half ago SERRANO granted liberal terms to the defeated Carlists in the name of King AMADEO. If he should again be victorious, there is no reason to suppose that he will offer unduly harsh conditions of peace.

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

BISHOP BUTLER is reported to have once turned upon his secretary with the alarming inquiry, "Why might not large bodies of men and whole communities be seized with fits of insanity as well as individuals?" The startled secretary could only suggest reliance upon Providence to avert such a calamity. It would certainly appear, however, that there are epidemics, if not of insanity, at least of infectious folly and unreasonableness, which come to pretty much the same thing. It is scarcely possible to account in any other way for such a deplorable exhibition of human silliness as has been afforded in connexion with the TICHBORNE case. The really amazing thing about this imposture, as we look back on it, is that it should ever have imposed on anybody. The originator of it himself was hardly serious about it until he found that other people took it seriously, and probably no one was more surprised than he was at the extraordinary success which awaited him. He found, like St. DENIS, that in a matter of this sort the first step is the great thing. The conjurors understand the same principle, and, when once they have forced a card, they can carry on their tricks to any extent. In the course of time the imposture grew into a formidable plot and organized conspiracy. ORTON was surrounded by a host of people, attorneys, money-lenders, speculators, and hangers-on of all kinds, some of whom were probably conscious confederates, while others were only dupes; and by their help the ball of falsehood was gradually rolled into something like shape and consistency. All this, however, could not get rid of the fact that for some twelve months after the Claimant gave himself out as ROGER TICHBORNE he was hopelessly and ludicrously in the dark as to everything connected with ROGER and his family, beyond a few stray facts which he had picked out of the newspapers. Even at the end of five years' coaching he was still ignorant of the greater part of ROGER's history. The strongest evidence of other persons in favour of the Claimant could not possibly make head against the Claimant's own evidence against himself; but the manner in which his witnesses were got together only required to be exposed in order to show the worthlessness of their testimony. Those who believed that the Claimant was genuine had to accept a whole string of improbabilities, and even impossibilities; as, for example, that only one of the survivors of the *Bella* should ever have been heard of, and that the ship and crew which saved him and carried him to Australia should have at the same time vanished utterly out of existence; that ROGER should have given up his fortune and family for the sake of spending his life in felling bullocks and cutting up pigs; that he should have lost his native tongue so completely that he could not even pronounce his mother's Christian name, of which, indeed, he was ignorant until he looked in a book; that he should have absolutely forgotten all about his childhood, his school-days, his holidays at the houses of his relatives, and all the most touching and sacred passages of

his life. As if this were not enough, it was made part of the Claimant's case that the opposition to him was a conspiracy of Jesuits, and that all the members of a distinguished family had combined to perjure themselves from malignant hatred of a relative and friend. An elastic credulity, however, can swallow anything, and the very difficulties of the Claimant's case seemed only to strengthen the blind faith of his adherents. They fastened upon trifling circumstances which he had caught up and passed off, as if from his own personal knowledge, and his acquisition of which had not been clearly made out; and shutting their eyes to everything on the other side, they insisted that unless these were explained away, the Claimant must be held to be ROGEE. It is difficult to resist a feeling of regret that no means exist of punishing the almost criminal stupidity which supplied the impostor with the necessary leverage. It may be said that stupidity is a misfortune and not a fault; but there is a sort of cranky, cantankerous, pragmatical stupidity which sets itself up as superior to all plain and obvious considerations, and claims the gift of seeing through stone walls and of proving that two and two make four only for common folk, which is really an offence against decency and reason. There are people of this kind who can bring themselves to believe anything; and ARTHUR ORTON may take his place by the side of the Cock Lane ghost, the sea serpent, and Mrs. Torr's litter of rabbits. The sham Dauphin who could speak German but not French is another freak of the same sort; and at this moment, we believe, a joint-stock company is in existence for working the Derwentwater estates in the name of the funny old lady who calls herself Countess. Human folly is perennial and inexhaustible.

Whatever else may be said about the TICHBORNE case, it must be admitted that it has been in every way a marvellous exhibition of the morbid anatomy of human nature. All sorts of follies, frailties, and eccentricities have been exposed under its searching light. Not only ORTON and the witnesses, but the counsel and attorneys, the jurymen, and even the judges have been part of the show, which also included the general public out of doors. The prevalent confusion of mind with regard to the character of ORTON was grotesquely displayed in the resentment of the mob at the exclusion from the ranks of the aristocracy of a man whom they could not help recognizing as one of themselves, and in the ridiculous and unreasonable indignation of even some educated people at the epithets which the SOLICITOR-GENERAL applied to the Claimant. What Sir J. COLERIDGE undertook to prove was that the Claimant was not ROGER TICHBORNE, and it necessarily followed that, if he was not ROGER, he was an impostor, perjurer, forger, and scoundrel. When a question of title to property turns on the interpretation of a deed, it is possible to suppose that both parties may be honest, though one of them is mistaken. There was no room, however, for mistake on the Claimant's part, and therefore he was either Sir ROGER or a villain. There can be no doubt, we think, that the excited public opinion in regard to this case has in many ways thrown difficulties in the way of justice. The truth is that the Claimant for a time became a sort of amusement to large classes of people, a subject for talk and betting, and that men took sides for or against him pretty much as they might back a horse at a race, on the impulse of the moment, because the colour took their fancy and without knowing anything of the merits of the animal. There was also a disposition to look not unkindly on one who was contributing so much popular sport, just as one might do on an entertaining villain on the stage or in a novel. FALSTAFF is by no means a moral character, but he is forgiven for his fun; and the ARTFUL DODGER and JACK SHEPPARD are applauded without reference to their professional practices. In fact the whole case has been like a romance, unrolled chapter by chapter in the courts of law, with new and surprising incidents always occurring to diversify the main plot. The result has been to produce in many minds not only a false and morbid sympathy with the Claimant, but also a reckless and unconsidered judgment in his favour. It has also perhaps had a somewhat unwholesome effect on the manner in which the inquiry has been conducted. It is impossible not to see that almost every one connected with the case was impressed with the idea that this was not an ordinary case to be gone about in the ordinary way, but that the eyes of the world were upon it, and

that very great things were expected all round. Hence a flavour of histrionics has rather tainted the proceedings. There has been too much performance, and vastly too much speaking. It is an insult to common sense to suppose that all this talking was necessary to elucidate a subject which the jury must have known by heart. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL's twenty-one days may be excused on account of the fresh ground he had to break, and nothing could be more admirable as examples of forensic precision and brevity than Mr. HAWKINS's addresses. But Dr. KENEALY's forty-seven days of wild ravings and disorderly violence were a monstrous waste of time, which ought never to have been tolerated; and with all respect for the CHIEF JUSTICE, we cannot help thinking that he might perhaps have advantageously shortened his eloquent summing-up. The whole gist of the case lay in his concluding observations on Saturday morning, and if he had given two or three days to a preliminary exposition, it would, we think, have fully answered every judicial purpose. In the course of the case many twaddling and irrelevant discussions on points of literary quotation, and on such absurd questions as whether it should be taken for granted that a man who had read PAUL DE KOCK's novels would be sure to seduce his cousin, might have been checked with advantage to the dignity of the Court as well as for the sake of valuable time. There was also an odd touch of after-dinner oratory in the complimentary speeches and votes of thanks—though the ushers and policemen were mentioned, the gasmen and the old woman who sweeps the Court were somehow forgotten—which closed the trial. The dramatic elements of the case were perhaps a little too much for everybody concerned.

On the whole, we do not think that the prosecution which has just closed can be regarded as a happy example of the firm, intelligent, and business-like administration of justice. The country has been denied the legitimate satisfaction of seeing an impudent crime promptly and adequately punished. It has taken several years to complete the exposure of a flimsy and transparent deceit; and at the last the chief offender, or at least the chief actor in the plot, gets off with fourteen years' imprisonment, while for the present at any rate his accomplices escape punishment altogether. It was unfortunate that ORTON should have had so long an interval after his arrival in England to collect information and to mystify witnesses; but this may perhaps have been unavoidable in the peculiar circumstances of the case. There can be no doubt, however, that if, at the close of the civil suit, ORTON had at once been committed to take his trial in the ordinary, every-day way at the Old Bailey, he might have been relegated to appropriate obscurity without delay, and without any of that parade and ceremony which have reflected a false importance upon a very vulgar sort of scoundrel. The money which has been expended on the trial is a very small matter. It is obvious that there was a difficulty in confining the case to a few selected issues, and it was desirable that the whole fable should be thoroughly exploded, once and for all. It is conceivable, however, that this object might have been attained at the Old Bailey quite as well as in the Queen's Bench, and that in many respects the evidence, and still more the talking, might have been brought within a more reasonable compass. It was supposed that there would be a great advantage in having three Judges, as a strong Court would thus be constituted which could firmly and peremptorily regulate the course of procedure; but it is doubtful whether this expectation has been satisfactorily realized. It is impossible to suppose that the remarks which the CHIEF JUSTICE, with the concurrence of his colleagues, directed against Dr. KENEALY and Mr. HOLMES, the solicitor, will not be followed up by any practical consequences. If a Judge is of opinion that an attorney has been engaged in "a most disgraceful transaction," he has power to deprive him of the opportunity of again abusing his position; and a barrister who insults the Bench, "misrepresents witnesses, mis-states evidence, perverts facts" in order "to lay the foundations of foul imputations and unjust accusations against parties and witnesses," should either be punished straightway for contempt of court or reported to the Benchers of his Inn. It may be presumed that those who served the purposes of the impostor in other ways will also receive attention. As for ORTON, it is to be hoped that the newspapers will pluck up a little self-respect, and be content with what they have already made out of him. Mr. WHALLEY and Mr. GULDFOORD OXLOW may possibly be interested to know that "he

"sleeps wonderfully well, and, on the whole, takes kindly to his skilly, though he rather fails in picking oakum"; but it is surely disgusting that this toadying of crime should be thrust upon the public.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THERE is a curious want of connexion between the acts of the French Assembly and the acts of French electors. The electors evidently know their own minds. They have a clear conception of the type of man by whom they wish to be represented, and they lose no opportunity of letting the Assembly understand what this type is. Whether a Conservative Republic be a possibility or not, there can be no question that a great number of Frenchmen are now firm believers in it. When M. THIERS first asserted this, he was supposed to have mistaken the traditional acceptance of the powers that be for a distinct preference in favour of a particular kind of power. Those who held that he made this blunder could point to the fact that the majority of Frenchmen had always acquiesced in the Government reigning in Paris, and had never shown any active desire to see that Government make way for another. M. THIERS was obeyed because he happened to be the master of France for the time being. If he ceased to be master of France, the popular support would be transferred as a matter of course to the Government which succeeded him. The policy of the Duke of BROGLIE in the matter of the partial elections has supplied the means of testing the truth of these two theories. If the vacant seats in the Assembly had all been filled at once, the return of twelve or fourteen Republicans would have proved nothing. The adversaries of the Republic would have been able to attribute it to the unexhausted influence of M. THIERS. They might have made merry over the stupidity of the peasantry in not recognizing the signs of political death, and have described with much humour the astonishment in store for them when they found that the dictator they had supposed themselves to be supporting had, since the 24th of May, been no more than other men. The Duke of BROGLIE sacrificed this advantage in the belief that a yet greater one was within his reach. He thought that as soon as the constituencies had come to understand what the substitution of Marshal MACMAHON for M. THIERS really meant, they would follow suit with their customary readiness. Consequently he put off the elections for the vacant seats to the most distant days allowed by law, intending to show by a series of Conservative victories that the Republicanism which M. THIERS had alleged to exist among the peasantry had no better foundation than the Imperialism in which the partisans of the late dynasty had put such mistaken trust. One election after another has come to discredit the Duke of BROGLIE's knowledge of his countrymen. If it were true that the peasantry are ready to support any Government so long as it is in power, the Duke of BROGLIE's position would be an unusually strong one. He has the confidence of Marshal MACMAHON, and Marshal MACMAHON has the confidence of the army. Open resistance of any kind is consequently impossible, and Frenchmen are not commonly good at opposition which stops short of open resistance. A great part of France is in a state of siege, so that the fact that the Government has the support of the army is very clearly brought home to the people. If they wish to support the Ministry by their votes, they can be at no loss how to do so; for the Duke of BROGLIE has kindly provided them with an army of prefects and mayors, whose principal duties are to tell the electors how they ought to vote, and to do all they can to ensure their voting as they ought. By these means the conditions of the experiment have been rendered singularly favourable to the production of the result which the Duke of BROGLIE desires to get from it. Yet with all these advantages on its side the Government has been beaten in one election after another. Instead of showing itself willing to support the *de facto* authorities, the country has taken every occasion of making it clear that all which the *de facto* authorities have to expect from it is submission until such time as resistance becomes prudent. It is in vain that the Duke of BROGLIE declares that France needs seven years of political inaction to give her that knowledge of her own mind which can alone fit her for the responsible work of deciding upon her political destiny. Every fresh election embodies a counter declaration on the part of the nation that France knows

her own mind already, and has resolved that her political destiny is to live under a Conservative Republic.

The latest of these declarations is the return of M. LEPETIT for Vienne. Several circumstances combine to give this election singular importance. It is far more than an instance of the maintenance of Republican convictions under discouraging conditions. It is an instance of the creation of Republican convictions under discouraging conditions. In February 1871 the department returned three Legitimists by an enormous majority. In July 1871 an anti-Republican deputy was returned, though by a diminished majority. And now in March 1874 the Republican candidate has beaten his opponent by some four thousand votes. The anti-Republican candidate is the brother-in-law of one of the sitting members who has spent money freely in his cause, and he has had the support of a new prefect and several new mayors, all of whom have been encouraged by the belief that they could win if they only worked hard enough. A letter from M. THIERS himself helped to decide the battle, so that by the time the day of election arrived the struggle had insensibly become a trial of strength between the present and the late Governments on a field which, if the choice had rested with them, the former would have preferred before all others. M. LEPETIT had no special title to Republican support, and, in the first instance, few of his friends did more than speculate on the probability of his making a respectable though unsuccessful fight. A true instinct led M. THIERS to divine that his interposition was just what was needed to convert decent defeat into conspicuous success. He wrote to M. LEPETIT to say that his own faith in the triumph of the Conservative Republic was unaltered, that he believed the country was as unchanged upon this point as himself, and that if the electors would go on sending up representatives who would enlighten the Assembly without alarming it all would go well. The electors of Vienne were satisfied. If M. THIERS was willing to give M. LEPETIT a certificate, they felt that they need require no other testimony to his qualifications. In this way the election became an expression of their confidence in M. THIERS as well as of their adherence to the Republic. As such, the result is peculiarly irritating to the Ministry. The fact that, in spite of their majority in the Assembly, M. THIERS's name is still the only one which it is any use to conjure with in the country affords but a poor prospect for the dissolution which must come sooner or later.

The comments of the Ministerial and Monarchical organs on this election show how greatly it has discomposed them. One journal tries to cheer its readers by reminding them that in former elections the Republican majorities have been greater, concealing the fact that these elections took place in other departments, and that in Vienne this is the first time that the Republicans have gained a majority at all. In other quarters a more frankly gloomy view is taken. It is clear, says one writer, that the whole of France—the country just as much as the towns—is honeycombed with Radicalism. The Legitimist *Union* comes nearer the truth than most of its Conservative contemporaries. The elections of Sunday, it says, have shown the impotence of the Government. It has turned the municipalities upside down, and proclaimed that its power must not be challenged for seven years, and the only answer the constituencies have given is to return M. LEPETIT and M. LEDRU ROLLIN. Thanks to its efforts, the bewildered country has come to regard the Republic as the one system that can put an end to the present order of things. The elections are the energetic protest of the people against the seven years of uncertainty and suffering to which they have been condemned by their rulers. The next day, it is true, some of the Ministerial journals recovered their spirits a little, and cheered themselves with the reflection that after all the majorities by which M. LEPETIT and M. LEDRU ROLLIN have been returned are not very large. In both cases, however, there were special causes at work which explain why they were small. In Vienne, as we have seen, it is the first time that the Republicans have had a majority, and the fact that they have beaten their opponents is, under the circumstances, far more conspicuous than the qualifying fact that they only beat them by about four thousand votes out of a total vote of some fifty-eight thousand. In Vaucluse the smallness of the majority is due to the fact that many moderate Republicans refused to vote for M. LEDRU ROLLIN. In itself this is far from discouraging. It proves that even in one of the most Radical departments it is not safe to disregard the opinions of the

moderate section of the party. A candidate of less pronounced hue would have carried all before him, whereas M. LEDRU ROLLIN was elected by so small a majority as to make it plain even to the most obstinate fanatic that by the choice of so impracticable a politician the Republican Committee had very nearly given the department over to the monarchists.

EDUCATION AND POLITICAL PARTIES.

THE Education League possesses in an eminent degree the characteristic of not knowing when it is beaten. The Executive Committee declare that the elections, though adverse to the Liberal party, have resulted in a numerical gain to the League in the House of Commons. It seems surprising at first that they should have thought it necessary to insert the qualifying clause. The ingenuity which regards the Parliamentary prospects of the League as improved by the dissolution might have easily discovered some recondite sense in which it would be true that the elections have resulted in a numerical gain to the Liberal party. When, however, the process is unveiled, it turns out to be rather bold than subtle. "Taking the 25th Clause "as the symbol of the controversy," the highest vote the League got in the late House of Commons was 132, whereas "in the present House of Commons there "are 167 members who have declared themselves favourable to the repeal of that clause." It may be suspected that when the division comes to be taken on Mr. RICHARD'S promised Bill, these 167 will have dwindled down to a figure considerably less than the 132 which Mr. CANDLISH could claim in 1872. Among the 167 members who have "declared themselves favourable to the repeal of the clause" are probably included all those who professed dislike to the clause in its present form. There are many Liberals, and perhaps not a few Conservatives, who are able to say as much as this. To invest School Boards with the duty of ascertaining what parents are able and what parents are unable to pay the school fees for their children is undoubtedly a most unfortunate provision. In this sense we are as much opposed to the 25th Clause as the Education League can be. We will go further, and say that we could quite afford to see the clause repealed, provided that it were repealed in its entirety. Supposing that the law compelled every child, who was not otherwise receiving instruction, to be sent to school, and that School Boards were not allowed either to pay fees at voluntary schools or to remit them at their own, the result would be this. When a parent who did not send his child to school was prosecuted and pleaded poverty, he would be told that in a country provided with a Poor-law poverty is no excuse for the omission. A man who is prosecuted for not giving his child enough to eat cannot escape in this way. The magistrates tell him that how he is to find the money to pay for the food is a matter which he must settle with the Guardians. All that the magistrates have to do is to see that the child gets the minimum of necessary sustenance. In the same way, under a system of compulsory education with no 25th Clause, it would be no affair of the magistrates how a parent found the money to pay for his child's schooling. That would be the Guardians' business. It would be enough for the magistrates to know that there was an authority in the background from whom in the last resort the required relief was to be had. To repeal that part of the clause which empowers School Boards to pay school fees in voluntary schools, while leaving intact the part which allows them to remit fees at their own schools, would be a wholly different matter. In districts in which compulsory by-laws were not in force, an indigent parent who wanted to have the benefit of his child's services or wages would decline to send him to school, on the plea that he could not conscientiously avail himself of the School Board school, and that the School Board had no power to pay the fee for him at a school which his conscience would allow him to use. Instead, therefore, of being looked upon as rather a black sheep for postponing his child's advantage to his own, he would take local rank as a confessor in right of his fine sense of theological orthodoxy. In districts in which compulsory by-laws were in force they would soon become so unpopular as to be virtually unworkable. A parent who was too poor to pay the fees at a voluntary school would be forced to send his children to a school perhaps two miles off, while his neighbour who could command the necessary pence had an equally good

school within a quarter of a mile. Yet, if the School Board retained the power of remitting fees, the Guardians would not be able to make the money for schooling a part of their relief, and the magistrates would consequently have no choice but to drive indigent children to the School Board schools at any sacrifice of convenience or comfort either to themselves or their parents. In practice such a system would prove simply impossible.

We have gone over this familiar ground once more in order to show the fallacy of the League's assumption that the 25th Clause is the symbol of the controversy between the defenders and the assailants of the Education Act. It is nothing of the kind. The 25th Clause might be done away with altogether—in the way we have suggested it might be beneficially done away with altogether—and the gulf between the two parties might remain as wide as ever. It proves nothing therefore that 167 members of the House of Commons have declared themselves favourable to its repeal. There is a sense in which Mr. FORSTER himself is favourable to its repeal. There is a sense in which every one who wishes to see education made universal without any further lessening of the independence of the working classes must be favourable to its repeal. The real symbols of the controversy are not the 25th Clause, but the 7th Clause and the 14th. The first of these allows public money to be given in support of Denominational schools provided that they accept the Conscience Clause; the second allows School Boards to teach any religion they like in their schools provided that they accept the Conscience Clause and do not use the distinctive formularies of any denomination. If the Education League wish to show any real progress in the House of Commons, they must produce 167 members who will vote for the repeal of these two clauses—will vote, that is, for withdrawing the million or thereabouts which is now paid over every year to Denominational schools, and for making all School Board schools secular. When a man says that tears are his meat and drink because 5,000*l.* is paid out of the rates for the education of a few hundreds of indigent children in Denominational schools, he has no claim to be listened to unless he is equally hot against the payment of 1,000,000*l.* out of the taxes for the maintenance of these very schools at which his conscience will not allow him to pay the fees. When this same man tells you that his conscience is harrowed by the thought that money taken out of the pockets of the ratepayers goes to the support of voluntary schools in which religion is taught, his sensibilities are not worth much if he is not equally distressed at the thought that money taken out of the pockets of the ratepayers goes in almost every school district in England, except Birmingham, to maintain School Board schools in which religion is taught. If the Education League are well advised they will not talk of their electoral victories till they have started a few candidates pledged to withdraw every shilling of public money from voluntary schools, and to forbid the teaching of religion in any School Board school. If they can carry, not 167 members, but a fourth or an eighth of that number, we will concede that their cause is gaining ground.

There is only one thing that could make such a result at all probable, and that is that the Government should show itself hostile to the extension of the Education Act on the lines of the original measure. By the principles of the Education Act the majority of the Liberal party, including in that name many who have for the time been frightened into the Conservative ranks by the impracticable violence of the Secularist Dissenters, understand three things—the bringing elementary education within the reach of every child in the kingdom, the utilization for this purpose of all efficient existing schools, and the liberty of local majorities to have their religion taught in School Board schools, provided that it be done under proper safeguards to the consciences of local minorities. The Act of 1870 secures the second of these objects entirely, and it secures the third in substance, though the illogical COWER-TEMPLE Clause prevents it from securing it in form. But it secures the first only imperfectly. This imperfection does not spring from any defect in the provision of schools. Under the Act there will before long be school accommodation for every child in the kingdom. But to bring a school within reach of every child is not to bring education within the reach of every child. A child must actually be sent to school before this latter object is attained. What is wanted therefore to make the Act of 1870 really effective is to make the provision for

enforcing school attendance compulsory instead of permissive. A Conservative Government has opportunities of doing this greater in some respects than could have fallen to the share of the Liberals, because a Conservative Government can control and silence most of the really formidable resistance which such a measure would be likely to excite. If the Conservatives lay hold of these opportunities, they will raise education above the level of party politics. If they let these opportunities slip, they will enable the League to declare that the Secularists are the only party really in earnest about education, and when that statement is once accepted as true, the victory of Secularism will be only a question of time.

ARTHUR ORTON.

PEOPLE who take their ideas of life and human nature from the popular novelist are led to suppose that transcendent villainy is usually associated with a certain savage grandeur of character and considerable intellectual resources. Those who study the criminal classes at the bar of the Old Bailey or in the pages of the *Newgate Calendar* are aware that they are, for the most part, a very vulgar and unheroic set of people. Arthur Orton is hardly an exception to this rule. Some years ago Miss Braddon wrote a novel the plot of which turned upon the successful personation of a wealthy banker by a clerk whom he had used as a tool and then betrayed. The banker has just returned from India after a long absence from home. The clerk murders him, passes off his victim's body as his own, and assumes his name. He gets hold of the dead man's journal and letters, sits up night after night studying them, and making notes of their contents, and plays the part marvellously, showing a close acquaintance with the banker's affairs. Of course the impostor is "a handsome man—a very handsome man, tall, and aristocratic-looking, with a certain haughty grace in his manner that harmonizes with his looks." "His nose"—one might be sure of that—"is aquiline, his forehead high and square, his chin massive"; and "the form of his head and face denotes force of intellect." It is known that Miss Braddon numbers Arthur Orton among her warmest admirers, and that in Australia he refreshed and fortified his mind with apophthegms selected from her works. He may possibly have read *Henry Dunbar*, and have derived from it the idea of his wicked enterprise. At any rate it is instructive to compare the romantic villain of the novel with the prosaic villain of real life—the coarse, common, ignorant rogue whose extraordinary imposture has made him famous through the world. Handsome he cannot be called, nor aristocratic-looking. A swollen, bloated countenance, flabby cheeks, and a girth of fifty-six inches, a shambling gait, and mean, furtive glance, scarcely correspond with the haughty grace and beauty of the hero of fiction. Nor can he boast of the intellectual force with which the novelist endows her creation. One of the strangest illusions of this case is the idea that Orton bears the faintest resemblance to a gentleman. He is certainly not the rough slaughterman of the shambles, but he is equally remote from anything approaching to the conventional type of gentleman. In his mien and manners he carries the stamp of boorishness and vulgarity, and his behaviour under a false name has been quite in accordance with his appearance. He looks indeed exactly what, from his life, one would expect him to be, deductions being made for change of dress and the cares of the barber. Until he began this imposture he was living in a loose, vagabond way, by no means nice as to his company, and probably not more particular as to the means of picking up a livelihood. He appears to have been a lazy, loafing sort of fellow, fond of his ease, and with a certain good-natured plausibility of manner which secured him friends, but underneath which lay a good deal of savage passion, and a strong, resolute, and daring will of the most determined criminal type. It was observed in Court that when angry he had a very black and dangerous look. He has great nerve and coolness, and a certain quickness of apprehension, but apparently no foresight or capacity for sustained or reasoned thought. He started with no clever, well-planned scheme; his falsehoods displayed no subtlety of artifice, no spark of imagination or ingenuity; and after the first step in the imposture he was content to drift indolently along with it, taking things as they came, and leaving all the work and trouble to others. It is interesting to observe with how extremely little intelligence and cunning a great crime can be committed, and a large body of people gulled.

The story of Arthur Orton is really the story of a very commonplace cheat who, trying to swindle a few pounds out of a colonial attorney, was suddenly launched, not only without settled purpose or coherent plan, but almost against his will, on one of the most monstrous impostures of modern times, and found it easier to go on than to turn back. From his boyhood there seems to have been a great deal of the Gascon about Orton. At Melipilla he endeavoured to make himself important by saying that he was the son of the Queen of England's butcher. At Wapping he used, after his first return from sea, to swagger about with a gold-laced officer's cap, which he had of course no sort of right to wear. One can conceive how readily a bragging, vapouring fellow of this kind would fall into a romance about his means and

his family if there seemed to be any chance of its helping him to a little ready money to relieve his necessities. It is quite clear that in the summer of 1865 Orton found his position at Wagga-Wagga utterly wretched and hopeless, and if he could only have got a small sum out of Gibbes to enable him to make a fresh start somewhere else, the Tichborne imposture would in all probability never have been heard of. Gibbes, however, though he liked gossip, was hard to bleed, and vague hints made no impression upon him. It would be just about this time that Slate, the Hampshire man, came back from Sydney with a copy of the newspaper containing Lady Tichborne's advertisement, and pointed it out to Orton. Orton had now something tangible to work upon. He became more precise in his communications. The property—at first only a farm, or something of that kind—swelled into a large estate, with which a title was connected. He hinted that shipwreck had given him a terror of the sea, and incidentally referred to the climate of South America. The advertisement would of course help him to this; and when Gibbes himself afterwards saw the advertisement, not knowing that Orton had been before him in that respect, he naturally assumed that his client must be the missing Roger. In some respects Orton corresponded to the description in the advertisement. It was stated that Roger at this time would be about thirty-two years of age, and that he was of a delicate constitution, rather tall, with very light brown hair and blue eyes. Orton was over thirty-one years of age, rather tall, with light brown hair, and bluish or grey-blue eyes. He was not apparently of a delicate constitution, but that might be accounted for by his having become more robust in the course of his travels. It is possible that Orton now looks back on this advertisement as a trap that was set for his innocence. It happens that, though it was drawn up under instructions from Roger's mother, it applies much more nearly to Orton than to Roger, for Roger was not tall, and his hair was very dark brown. Moreover, the agent who sent the advertisement to the newspapers had accidentally omitted rather an important word in Lady Tichborne's description—the word "thin." Orton was exceedingly corpulent, and he had no warning at this time that Roger was thin. Afterwards he found it easy to ascribe his bloated size to the improvement in his health. Gibbes's evidence is so loose and confused as to dates that it is impossible to say exactly when Orton made up his mind to give himself out as Roger Tichborne. It should be observed, however, that until after the advertisement was published Orton never hinted to any one that he was Roger; that even after he had led Gibbes to assume that the letters on the pipe were the initials of his name, he hesitated to commit himself by a direct assurance on the subject, and that he bound Gibbes over not to reveal the secret until the following March. It is also clear that at this time he was simply practising on Gibbes with a view to extract a loan, and that he had no intention of carrying the matter any further than might be necessary in order to acquire Gibbes's confidence and to get some money out of him. It was not till some months afterwards that he consented to write to Lady Tichborne.

Thus we find Orton gradually drawn on by his importunate and increasing necessities, by the temptation of a misleading advertisement, by Gibbes's constant appeals to him to declare himself as Roger Tichborne, and afterwards by the extreme eagerness which the Dowager betrayed in her letters to recognize almost anybody as a son. Gibbes and Cubitt, the Missing Friends' agent, knew nothing about Roger, and were only too willing to believe anything which would help them to a reward from Lady Tichborne. Orton could romance with them to almost any extent without fear of detection. It was a critical moment when he was confronted with a friend of the Tichborne family at Sydney; but here again the way was smoothed for him. Mr. Turville had never seen Roger, and he does not seem to have been staggered by Orton's statement that Lady Tichborne, whom Turville knew, and who was the very ghost of leanness, was a big, stout woman. Here was another temptation, and the poor rogue slid down another step into the hole which, as perhaps he now argues with pity for himself, circumstances were digging for him. He had raised some money in Sydney, and there was a fair chance of money being also extracted from the old Dowager. The Dowager puts him up to Bogle, and here the devil gives him another shove on, for in Bogle he finds just that stock of information which was wanted to give him some shadow of appearance of being Roger Tichborne. In England he plunges more boldly into the imposture. Rous, the ex-clerk of the family solicitor, and Baigent, the hanger-on and historian of the family, are both by his side. The Dowager's adhesion is secured; and this brings over Mr. Hopkins. Carter, Roger's private servant, and McCann, his military servant, are soon added to the staff. At every turn Orton finds unexpected assistance and support, and everything seems to conspire to push him on in the imposture to which he had committed himself. If on his arrival in England he had obtained a good round sum from the Dowager, he would probably have tried to get away with it; but the Dowager was poor and not blessed with much ready money, and the Tichborne estates seemed to lie within his grasp. A dull, ignorant man, surprised by the extraordinary ease with which he had got thus far, would naturally be led to make light of all the other difficulties in his way. Afterwards, when these difficulties became more apparent, he may have had misgivings, but flight would have been a confession of guilt, and he was too big and conspicuous a man to find a hiding-place easily.

It is needless to describe in detail the building up of the plot after Orton came to England. Holmes supplied him with copies

of Roger's will and other family documents. Official papers were privately procured from the Horse Guards, giving an account of all matters connected with the service of Roger Tichborne, and the movements of his regiment. These documents mentioned the names of officers, the places where the regiment was stationed, and various other particulars. Roger's voluminous correspondence, of which Orton may have obtained more than has been produced in evidence, would also supply many details of his military life. Moreover Roger was a very precise, careful man; he kept all his old bills, and had all his old clothes packed away against his return home; and here again would be useful materials for filling up his history. A list of the masters at Stonyhurst was obtained for Orton's use, but no serious attempt was made to work up this part of Roger's career, nor would it have been easy to do so. Elaborate researches were also made at Lloyd's and elsewhere to discover an *Osprey*, or a *Themis*, or any other vessel that could be made to answer for the one alleged to have rescued Roger and part of the crew of the *Bella*. With his active decoy birds and all this mass of materials, Orton had every chance of picking up scraps of gossip in order to entrap witnesses into recognition; and one witness made many. Whenever a witness was known to be coming, one or other of the scouts was told off to see to him. The affidavits were drawn so as to support and strengthen each other, and, as the Chief Justice said, "the statements made by different witnesses were in several instances most materially expanded, enlarged, and improved under the skillful manipulation of Mr. Baigent." Putting these circumstances together, it is easy enough to understand how Orton was coached and crammed for the part he had undertaken. And if proof had been wanting that his knowledge of Roger was wholly the result of this coaching and cramming, it would have been found in the confusion and blundering into which he fell in attempting to repeat his lessons, and the strange blanks in his memory. He knew only what the troopers of the regiment knew, and generally contrived to take hold of their stories by the wrong end. A man who had been only a short time in the army might after the lapse of years certainly grow hazy as to the details of drill, but it was incredible that he should be ignorant of the existence of such a person as Lord Fitzroy Somerset, especially as Lord Fitzroy had given him his commission on a personal application from himself. It was equally incredible that an officer who had passed an examination should say that a "professor of fortification" taught him "the landmarks of England," and that "the landmarks insinuate the formation of England at different points along the coast, which every officer is bound to learn before he can pass." When Orton was asked about the disposition of the Tichborne property, he was quite at sea, although it is certain from Roger's letters that Roger had a clear and minute knowledge of the subject. Moreover, the greater part of Roger's short life was a *terra incognita* to him. Nothing can be more conclusive than the fact that Orton was wholly ignorant of Roger's life down to the time when Roger was about twenty years of age. The reason is of course simply that he had no one to tell him anything about it. These twenty years were spent chiefly in Paris, at Stonyhurst, and at Knoyle, and Bogle's knowledge was confined to Tichborne and Upton. Of Roger's military service Orton was able to put on an appearance of knowledge, but this knowledge was confined to such matters as would fall within the common gossip of the barrack-yard, or could be extracted from official papers or letters. Roger's comings and goings at Tichborne, and the external circumstances of his visits, would of course be under the observation of the servants; but Roger would not be likely to take his uncle's valet into his confidence in regard to his love for his cousin, and the "diplomacy" of his aunt, and therefore—just as one might expect—Orton's mind was a blank on these subjects. He did not know that Roger used to write constantly to his aunt—a letter at least once a fortnight—the correspondence being continued down to the very time of his disappearance, and relating to the one subject which above all others engrossed Roger's thoughts—his attachment to his cousin, and the chances of his marrying her. In the servants' hall it would be well enough known that Roger was "sweet on young miss," and that is really all Orton knew. As for the "sealed packet," it is enough to say that it is not only one of the most wicked and infamous, but one of the most utterly absurd, stories that could possibly be invented. It is clear that, apart from her doubts as to the stability of Roger's character, Lady Doughty had many reasons for desiring a union between the cousins; and, if there had been any truth in Orton's abominable suggestion, it would have necessarily precipitated a marriage.

There are different tests which may be applied to such a story as Orton's. There is first the question of what the pretender knows of the man he pretends to be, and of his surroundings; and it is quite clear that here everything pointed against instead of in favour of Orton. Up to the time he got hold of Bogle in Sydney—that is, nearly a year after he had first disclosed himself to Gibbs at Wagga-Wagga as the lost Roger—he was perfectly in the dark as to all Roger's antecedents, except in so far as he had picked up some stray facts from the advertisement, the newspapers, the *Baronetage*, and perhaps from talk with Slate, his Hampshire friend. He did not know where Roger was born, where he was educated, what his connexion with the army had been, where the family estates were; he knew nothing of his uncle Sir Edward, or of Upton. Add to this the extreme improbability—first, that Roger should have

been saved from shipwreck when not another survivor had ever been heard of, and, next, that he should have abandoned his family and his fortune for the sake of becoming a journeyman butcher in Australia. If Orton could only have been impounded at this time, and subjected to examination without having the means of obtaining any information from outside, there would at once have been an end of his case. It was so glaring and obvious an imposture that it would have broken down after a very few questions. All the difficulties of the case have arisen from attention not having been sufficiently confined to Orton's original story as it was first put forth by himself. Afterwards it was enlarged, corrected, and dressed up in various ways, and went through a number of revised editions. But in these later forms it had ceased to be Orton's own story, and had become a sort of joint-stock romance, made up of materials contributed by a great many different people, and licked into shape by sharp and unscrupulous agents. Even then it was an imperfect and incoherent tale, and Orton blundered constantly in trying to repeat it. The knowledge which he had acquired added a little mystery to the affair, but could not possibly affect the irresistible conclusion which must be drawn from the utter blankness of his mind in regard to Roger's life and all that concerned the Tichborne family down to the eve of his departure from Australia. His counsel indeed had no alternative but to ask the jury to believe that a life of vile excesses had ruined his brain, and that his statements were worthless as evidence.

Then there is the question of personal resemblance. This is a matter on which evidence should always be received with the greatest hesitation and suspicion. There is nothing more deceptive than impressions of personal appearance, especially after a long interval; and it may also be said that nothing can be more absurd and misleading than the sort of explanations which are usually given of the grounds of such impressions. It will sometimes happen that the general impression is correct, although the details given are wrong, or on the other hand that some of the details may be correct while the impression is erroneous. The truth is that very few persons have the faculty of close analytical observation which is indispensable for a sound judgment on a question of this kind. People do not spend their time in scanning other people's countenances, noting the colour of their eyes or hair, the curve of their lips, or the shape of their noses. It is a simple test to try to recall any of those details in the case even of an intimate friend whom one is in the constant habit of seeing. There is probably not one person in a thousand who can tell the colour of anybody's eyes, except perhaps his wife's or child's. Evidence of identity is worth nothing unless it is the confident impression of some one who has been in close connexion with the person to be identified, and who has had such an interest in him as would be likely to fix the impression on the mind; or unless it applies to some marked peculiarity of feature, figure, or expression. Highly idealized portraits of Roger have been drawn in the course of the two trials. He seems in reality to have been about as uninteresting and commonplace a person as can be conceived—a shy, thin, sallow, lackadaisical-looking youth, amiable and gentlemanly, but without any marked character of any kind, except some resolution and some selfishness; just the sort of young man, in fact, whom one might meet a dozen times a month without carrying away a distinct impression of him. There can be no doubt that he had about the eyes the sort of sentimental, spoony look which is vulgarly associated with the gaze of the "dying duck," and which Orton also at times puts on, and this was probably all that most people recollected of poor Roger, who was as far as possible from being a hero either in look or bearing. The fact that Roger was thin and Orton enormously stout does not go for much, as men change in that way. Orton is taller than Roger, however, and men do not grow taller after twenty-four. His hair is lighter, his ears are wide and flapping; Roger's ears were thin and adhered to the cheek. Roger had tattoo marks which Orton has not, and Orton has a brown mark which Roger had not. It seems to us that the greater part of the evidence on both sides as to personal resemblance is really of no value whatever. Roger's relatives and friends, and his fellow-officers in the regiment, may be trusted in their general impression of him; and it is impossible to doubt that Arthur Orton's sweetheart, Miss Loder, Mrs. Jury, who was not only a relation but a creditor, the people who befriended Orton in Melipilla, and his employers in Australia, must recollect him perfectly. The rest of the personal evidence is worthless, and much both of the Wapping and the Carabineer evidence was almost an insult to the intelligence of the Court. Not a few of the witnesses professed to speak, not from recollections of appearance, but from things which Orton had said, and the Chief Justice very properly observed that conclusions of that kind should be left to the jury. Unfortunately, however, a great deal of this unreal evidence was admitted. Twenty members of the Tichborne family, including the Seymours, denied Orton's identity with Roger. On the other hand, Roger's mother had professed to recognize him; but it is clear from the Dowager's letters that she had made up her mind to recognize him before she saw him, and in spite of the ridiculous falsehoods in which she had detected him. Her craving, prompted partly by a mother's love, partly by jealousy and hatred of her English relatives, to have a son beside her, to stand by her, and devote himself to her, and raise her position in the family, had grown into a monomania after Alfred's death. It is not to be wondered at if Orton imagined, from her reckless eagerness and predetermination to adopt him, that a false heir would answer her purpose rather than none. Of Roger's intimate

personal friends all who were examined, with scarcely an exception, went against Orton. Two officers of the Carabineers recognized Orton with hesitation and a good deal of qualification; but the rest of Roger's brother-officers repudiated him, and the troopers' evidence goes for very little on either side.

Roger's letters supply another test. Orton's handwriting is much worse than Roger's, which indeed is a very fair hand. Roger spelt very well for a French education; Orton's misspellings are frequent and betray the grossest ignorance, and his ideas and style of expression are as different from Roger's as night from day. Roger's letters also show that no intention was more remote from his mind than that of breaking with his family, surrendering his fortune, and burying himself out of sight. He was keen about his rights, and fully intended to return and take advantage of them. Perhaps, however, the strongest indication of the falsity of Orton's pretensions was to be found in the bent of his own mind. There is nothing which any one would find it more difficult to realize than that other people should have doubts as to his identity. It would strike him as quite incomprehensible, and it would be in his power to dissipate all doubt by allowing himself to be carefully examined, and by talking freely as to his past life. From the first hour Orton took it for granted that people would suspect and repudiate him, shunned Roger's old friends, and avoided conversation with everybody for whom he had not been previously prepared.

One of the most remarkable, and possibly to some persons puzzling, things about this imposture is that Orton himself took such extremely little trouble to keep it going. He does not seem to have made any serious attempt to pick up a little French, or to imitate Roger's handwriting, or to study cavalry drill, or to get by heart the names of any of the text-books at Stonyhurst, or, in short, to establish a resemblance between himself and Roger by any means which cost much effort. He did indeed try the handwriting, and it is supposed that at one time he took some lessons in French, but he soon abandoned both as hopeless. He was in Paris with Lady Tichborne for ten days, but he did not think it worth while to make himself acquainted with the houses in which Roger lived as a child. Of the documents provided for cramming purposes he made a very superficial use. It might, perhaps, be thought that this arose from stupidity, but the explanation is partly to be found in his dull, lazy, inert nature, and irreclaimable ignorance. All the hard work of the imposture was left to others, who grubbed up information, looked up witnesses, concocted delusive affidavits, and tried to coach him as well as they could. Orton left himself in their hands, listened to what was told him, lazily ran his eye over the papers, and recollected only just as much as settled in his mind without requiring any exertion from himself. Dr. Kenealy represented his client as reduced to a sort of idiocy by his excesses, while the Chief Justice spoke of him as "a man of extraordinary intelligence, sagacity, and assurance." That he has assurance is true enough, but his intelligence and sagacity have perhaps been somewhat exaggerated. There can be no doubt that he has a certain quickness of apprehension and native sharpness; but his scintillations of intelligence do not carry him far. They give only a momentary light, like sparks from a flint, and do not enable him to see anything much beyond his nose. There was no foresight or comprehensiveness in his imposture; sufficient for the day were the lies thereof. This may, however, have been partly due to his astounding and hopeless ignorance. He was like a savage tumbling about among all sorts of subjects, without any notion of what they mean. He had no idea, for instance, that Hebrew was not just the same sort of thing as French; and it was this extraordinary ignorance that prevented him from seeing the importance of self-cultivation for the purpose of his imposture. Yet after making every allowance on this score his cleverness does not strike us as very remarkable. Anybody who cares to turn back to Orton's cross-examination will see that, though he preserved his assurance, he showed little ready wit. When he was hard pushed he simply said, "I really don't remember," or, "I was drunk," or, "I can't account for it," or he pretended to be unwell. Sometimes he tried to parry by a whining complaint that the Solicitor-General was insulting him, and that the questions were impertinent. He was asked, for example, what sort of thing a quadrangle was, and he replied, "What do you mean by what sort of a thing is it? It is very shameful, causing an enormous waste of time. It is insulting; I won't answer." Another time he says, "I am in a state of confusion. My counsel put the question one way and you put it another way"; or again, "You are asking me things that I can't remember, and are trying to make me perjure myself. It is very unfair" (Mr. Serjeant Ballantine:—"You had better keep yourself quiet"). "But I will not allow you to try to make me perjure myself," and so on. On one occasion he remarked to Sir J. Coleridge, "I wish you had my brains and I had yours for a little time," but any fool could say that. Orton is not without a certain amount of Cockney impudence and sharpness, but it is idle to say that he showed cleverness because Sir John could get very little out of him; as much might be said of a stone wall if put under examination. The truth is, that Orton's imagination is of that kind which can only invent a broad lie, but cannot supply details, or put together a coherent story. He has no originality or inventiveness. He filled Roger's life with names and dates taken from his own. He ascribed St. Vitus's Dance to Roger because he had had it himself. He said Roger left England in the *Jessie Miller*, the ship he himself sailed in for New Zealand. He names the

captain and sailors of the supposed *Osprey* after names in the *Jessie Miller*. He put the names of real people, Orton's friends, into the Wagga-Wagga will, when he might have given the names of non-existent persons, if he could only have thought of any. He said Lady Tichborne was very stout just because his own mother was stout. He had to find a name for a horse of Roger's, and he called it Plenipo, because there had been a Plenipo at Johnston's farm. He had had experience of seafaring; yet look at the preposterous absurdity of his story of the shipwreck and alleged rescue. The explanation of the sealed packet is another instance of his mental helplessness; and he was equally incapable of suggesting an intelligible reason why Roger should have given up his family and 20,000*l.* a year for the pleasure of cutting up pigs and handling offal. In fact, the more the case is examined the more amazing does it appear that such a flimsy, transparent, and ignorant imposture should even for a moment have had a chance of making dupes. It is evident that Orton himself did very little to keep it alive, and that he merely allowed himself to be floated onwards on the tide of human credulity and imbecility. It may be supposed that he had confederates in his plot who did much more for it than he did himself; but the accomplices to whom he mainly owed his success were the fools who, in their self-conceit and supposed superiority of discernment, refused to look at plain obvious facts, and would be satisfied with nothing but wild improbabilities and impossibilities. Unfortunately there is no reason to suppose that this sort of fool will soon die out.

GRANGES.

ONE of the most curious, and to outsiders most unintelligible, phenomena in contemporary America is the extraordinary development of what are called Granges. What is a Grange? is a question to which we have not seen any complete answer. Probably, indeed, a complete answer could hardly be given, because the Granges affect a certain degree of mystery as to their purposes, and, as is generally true in cases of mystery, are perhaps not very clear about the matter themselves. The manifesto which has been recently published by their governing body informs us that they intend a fundamental reformation of all the evils in the world. So many societies devote themselves to this excellent object that the description can hardly be considered as distinctive. Some features of the movement, however, are sufficiently marked and intelligible. The vast agricultural community of the Western States has naturally been impressed by the immense importance of good communications with the rest of the world. The farmers of that region can produce corn in indefinite quantities. But man cannot live upon corn alone, and a farmer entirely isolated from the rest of the world must sacrifice a good many of the comforts of life. It is but a small advantage to the Irishman or the German to be transplanted to the most fertile region in the world if he is also put at a distance from all the great commercial and manufacturing centres. The produce which would make him a rich man if it were in the Eastern markets becomes a useless burden to him in the absence of effectual means of transportation. The railways, therefore, are the arteries upon which the prosperity of the region depends; and the railways appear to have taken full advantage of their position. In America the railway interest is a great political force; and the various manoeuvres by which shares can be converted into influence have been one great cause of corruption. The farmers appear to have suffered under the practical monopoly enjoyed by some of the great Companies. They could not bring their produce to market or receive goods in exchange without paying tolls which they regarded as excessive. Moreover the railways were in alliance with the existing authorities, and thus there was no chance of getting up a satisfactory competition. The Granges appear to have been originally started as a combination of the farmers against the railways. As they increased in numbers—and it is said that they are now to be reckoned by the thousand—they developed other propensities. They are to some extent co-operative societies, intended to dispense with the services of middlemen. They are more or less social institutions, and no doubt the members of a scattered and monotonous society are very glad to catch at any means of amusing themselves—even by listening to lectures. They have, it seems, more or less of an eye to the emancipation of women, though we do not quite see the connexion of ideas; and moreover, they have been suspected of socialist tendencies. One of their chief leaders is reported to have made an ugly remark about the possibility of trees bearing human fruit; and, whatever may be their present intentions, it is obvious that their success in bringing about so widely-spread an organization of the chief class in the country, dealing with matters so vitally affecting the interests of society, is a symptom which well deserves the attention of political observers. No one can say to what results it may lead; whether it will really produce any great effect, or simply add one more to the ephemeral associations which have looked very formidable for a time, and sunk to be mere tools in the hands of skilful politicians.

Meanwhile the manifesto to which we have referred is a curious document in its way. If it does not tell us very distinctly what are the plans of the Granges, it may throw some light upon the doctrines which are fermenting throughout the most rapidly developing part of the American population. The "National Grange," indeed, has rather a pronounced taste for edifying plati-

tudes. Its members declare that they are united, like most other respectable bodies, for the good of themselves, their country, and mankind. Moreover they "endorse the motto," which did not appear to be in much need of endorsement, "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity." What are essentials, and what non-essentials? And as for charity, even that highest of Christian virtues has a very ambiguous meaning. Nobody wishes to be in charity with oppressors; unless charity includes a state of mind compatible with inflicting all necessary chastisement upon oppression. The Northern States used to hold that it was charitable to crush their Southern brethren for the good of the negro or of themselves. The South thought that the first precept of charity was that they should be allowed to secede whenever they pleased. Between the two, charity came to involve the killing, wounding, and imprisoning of a considerable fraction of the population. Nobody, again, ever set out with more charitable professions than Robespierre; and his interpretation of the abstract principle in concrete cases led to a good deal of difficulty. We look therefore to the succeeding resolutions to see whether we can obtain any more light. The third resolution gives us a number of excellent moral precepts, which read something like the answer in the Catechism to the question, What is our duty to our neighbour? supposing it to have been judiciously interspersed by comments upon Adam Smith. The Grangers mean to develop a higher and better manhood and womanhood; to buy less and produce more; to enhance the comfort and attractions of their homes, and to condense the weight of their exports; to hasten the good time coming, and to calculate intelligently on probabilities; to secure entire harmony, good will, and vital brotherhood, and to "sell less in the bushel and more on hoof and in fleece." Most of these proposals are plainly desirable; but perhaps it would have been shorter to say that they "endorsed" the Sermon on the Mount and Franklin's *Poor Richard*. Nobody, however, can object to a manifesto stating that those who put it forth mean to act in the spirit of good Christians and sound traders. Occasionally there may be a little difficulty in making the best of both worlds; but the aim is at least judicious, whatever the obstacles that may present themselves.

In the next resolution we find something rather more definite. The Grangers tell us that they want to get rid of "a surplus of middlemen"; but they add that it is not because they are unfriendly to middlemen, but because they do not want their services. We fear that the purity of their motives will make very little difference to the middlemen. Nobody, as far as we know, objects to shopkeepers in the abstract. If either shops or railways will do anything for us cheaper and better than we can do it for ourselves, we must indeed be wantonly malignant to object to their existence. The Grangers, in fact, would evidently be the last people in the world to object to a good system of transportation. It is rather superfluous in them to tell us that they are not the enemies of railways or canals; all that they require is to put down the tendency of corporations "to oppress the people and rob them of their just profits." They do not, however, inform us what are just profits, or where robbery begins and legitimate enterprise ends. We must only take such comfort as we can in the assurance that in their "noble order there is no communism and no agrarianism." They do not therefore intend to subvert the social order. Neither, as it appears from their next resolution, are they "a political or party organization." They are content, it seems, with inculcating the principles which lie at the bottom of all true politics, and seeking the greatest good of the greatest number. However, they are careful to add that they do not inculcate indifference to political questions. On the contrary, they think it the duty of every man to influence for good the party to which he belongs, and to put down bribery and corruption. They desire proper equality, protection of the weak, and restraint of the strong. These, they add, are American principles—a statement which we hope is not intended to claim the exclusive property of Americans in such very excellent, but slightly obvious, doctrines. As a farmers' institution, they go on to say they cannot admit members who are not farmers; but they hope that all good citizens will co-operate with them cordially in removing every vestige of tyranny and corruption. Finally, they intend to help all brethren in want, and to show "a proper appreciation of the abilities and sphere of woman." What her abilities and sphere may be they do not precisely say, except that she is qualified for membership of a Grange. And so they pledge themselves to labour "for all future time" for a return to the "wisdom, justice, fraternity, and political purity of our forefathers."

This last sentence is perhaps rather curious as indicating that in the opinion of a large class of Americans retrogression may be in some cases identical with progress. But otherwise we must admit that, so far as their public programme goes, there seems to be no reason why any human being should not be a member of a Grange. We have seen a good many political professions of faith; but we do not remember ever to have met with any school of thinkers who did not object to corruption, tyranny, and injustice. There is not, if we may trust to their public utterances, any party in any country of the world, Whig or Tory, Republican or Democrat, Revolutionist or Legitimist, which is not willing to preach obedience to the most elementary laws of morality; though it is unfortunately not possible to add that the means adopted by all these parties are equally conducive to the end which they all have at heart. If the Grangers would condescend to enlighten us upon the particular methods by which they hope to introduce

the millennium; we should be able to form some more definite opinion as to their prospects. Meanwhile it is rather hard to forecast the future of a party of which the only very distinctive tenet seems to be the doctrine that railways should not be allowed to enjoy a monopoly inconsistent with the full development of the resources of the country. Was it worth while to get up so elaborate an organization and put forward so elaborate a manifesto for so small a purpose? If we were more behind the scenes we might be able to discover what is written between the lines. Possibly the Grangers have some definite schemes which they do not think it judicious to reveal to the outside world. Perhaps, in spite of their eloquent appeals to unity, they are so much divided amongst themselves that they cannot trust themselves beyond the limits of safe generalities. But it is also possible, if we may indulge in a conjectural interpretation of their sentiments, that there is really some significance even in the apparent vagueness of their platform. It may be an indication of a change of sentiment not altogether confined to America, and which may be destined to produce important effects in the future. In fact, the sentiment which seems to run through the whole of the production is a general disgust with recent political movements. The Grangers are tired, and not without reason, of the futile contests between parties which have lost their original meaning. They see that Republicans and Democrats have alike fallen to a great extent under the dominion of "rings," and that the old organizations are much more profitable to the leaders in their private capacity than conducive to the welfare of the public; and they are anxious, though they do not see their way very clearly, to turn legislative power more to purposes of social improvement and away from mere political squabbling. We have certainly no reason to be surprised that great numbers of independent farmers should be disgusted with modern manifestations of American politics, and should have awakened to a new sense of the old truth that it is a desirable thing to have some honesty and common sense in their rulers. In such a phase of discontent it is natural enough that they should announce some very venerable truisms with what seems rather unnecessary unctious. If we could hope that they would carry out their aspirations and inflict any serious wounds upon corruption and tyranny, we must simply wish them all success. But if they are to do anything, they will have to adopt some more definite measures, and we shall then be better able to judge whether these beautiful professions are a mere appeal to Buncombe, to be followed by a slipping back into the old grooves, or whether the Western States are likely to hasten the advent of the millennium more decidedly than other people who have started with equally good intentions.

DEATHS AMONG THE CARDINALS.

THE death of two members of the Sacred College has been announced within the last fortnight, while a third—the most widely known of the whole body—Cardinal Antonelli, is said to be seriously ill. On Sunday week died the Jesuit Tarquini, who had enjoyed his dignity of Cardinal Deacon less than two months, and a few days later Barnabo, Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, one of the seniors on the list, followed him to the grave. Tarquini was one of the new batch of twelve Cardinals added last Christmas to the Sacred College, and his appointment was chiefly remarkable from the fact of his being the first Jesuit for more than a century raised to the purple. The *Tablet* devotes a column to recounting his various virtues and distinctions, but omits what had undoubtedly the most direct bearing on his recent elevation—his connexion with the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the inspired organ of the Papacy. It omits also, while stating that he was "well born," to mention the claim on which the late Cardinal is said to have peculiarly prided himself, and which would certainly, if established, place his ancient lineage far beyond all competition of the bluest of all blue blood of modern Europe. His Eminence, ignorant or contemptuous of the historical heresies of Niebuhr and Cornwall Lewis, traced his descent from the regal line of Tarquin. The Pope is said to have greeted him one morning, on his presenting himself to pay his respects, with the Horatian salutation *Tarquinius atavis editis regibus*. But if his Holiness is correctly reported to have expressed the deepest sorrow on hearing of Tarquini's death, the regret may safely be presumed to have been paid rather to his services as a shrewd and practised adviser and contributor to the Ultramontane press than to any mythical glories of a remote ancestry. If there be any truth in the rumour, now again renewed, of an approaching creation of fresh Cardinals, it will be curious to observe whether the red hat vacated by Tarquini is bestowed on another Jesuit. It is against the traditions of the Order and the express directions of their founder to seek, or even accept, ecclesiastical dignities, except under obedience to a positive Papal command. But the Society which has remodelled during the last few years, not only the policy of the Holy See, but the structure of the Creed, can hardly shrink from asserting a right to recast or reverse its own inherited traditions.

Cardinal Barnabo was, both from standing and position, a more important personage than Tarquini, especially in relation to this country, of which he may fairly be said to have been the acting Pope. It will be news to most Protestants, and perhaps to many Roman Catholics, that England, although restored some twenty years ago, as Cardinal Wiseman gracefully expressed it, to her place in the

ecclesiastical orbit of the Christian system, is still regarded and treated at Rome as a mission—that is, a heathen—country. It remains therefore, after, as before, the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy, or the Papal aggression—whichever description be preferred—subject to the supreme jurisdiction of the *Collegio De Propaganda Fide*, of which Cardinal Barnabo was the Prefect. But what, it may perhaps be asked, is the Propaganda, and what is meant by its authority in England? We will endeavour to explain. And first as regards the Propaganda. Its origin must be traced to a decree of Gregory XIII. (1572), by which a certain number of Cardinals were charged with the direction of missions to the East, and catechisms were ordered to be printed in various languages for missionary purposes. But nearly half a century elapsed before the present institution was firmly established and provided with an adequate endowment. There was a certain Capuchin preacher at Rome, one Girolamo da Narni, who enjoyed the reputation of a saint, and whose pious eloquence so charmed Bellarmine that he said one of St. Augustine's three wishes had been granted to him—the wish to hear St. Paul. By his advice the Congregation of Propaganda was thoroughly organized, charged with the superintendence of missions in every part of the world, and directed to assemble at least once a month in the presence of the Pope. Gregory XV., during his short pontificate of two years, became the second and real founder of the institution, for which he also advanced the requisite funds. He had already shown his keen appreciation of the importance of Christian missions, and his conviction, to use Ranke's words, that "the salvation of the world depended on the spread of Catholicism," by canonizing Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier, the two men who had done most in those latter days to promote the conversion alike of heretics and heathen. The conspicuous services of Ignatius in the first, and of Xavier in the second field of labour, are duly recorded in the Bull of Canonization, and Gregory adds, "We must apply all our thoughts to extract the greatest possible advantage from the great revulsion that has taken place, and from the triumphant position of the Church." In this spirit he acted in establishing the Propaganda, and its success, especially in its earlier years, both in philological learning and in the conversion of the heathen, abundantly justified the wisdom of the design.

It is not, however, with this aspect of the Propaganda that we are immediately concerned here. Heretical as well as heathen countries fall under its control, and the Vicars Apostolic, to whose charge they are usually committed, holding the titles of *Sees in partibus infidelium*, are directly amenable to its jurisdiction. England, therefore, was of course under the Propaganda before 1850; it is not equally easy to explain how it has remained so since. Such, however, is the fact. No doubt it is partly to be accounted for by the growing tendency of the Curia for the last three centuries to concentrate all power in their own hands, and reduce the episcopate to the condition, at best, of dignified satraps under an autocrat whose will is absolute and supreme whenever he chooses to make it felt. And hence it has become the fashion now with Ultramontane writers always to describe the Church as a pure monarchy, whereas Lacordaire, the "impenitent Liberal," insisted to the last on the old doctrine of her divine constitution including and harmonizing the three typical forms of government, monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy. And the loss of political power by the Church has in one way tended to the same result. The Court of Rome is at least as tenacious of power as in the middle ages, but now that its sentences carry no secular consequences, and receive no support from the secular arm, so likewise they are relieved from all secular control. As a Roman Catholic critic who had himself suffered from the arbitrary inflictions of the Curia has pithily observed, "When it mixes in general society it must be as well behaved as its neighbours, and observe the laws; but it may be as tyrannical as ever in its own household, where the slightest remonstrance on the part of any of its domestic staff would lose them their places." And accordingly the resolution taken at Rome in 1598, "that neither bishops, nor the forms of an hierarchy as exhibited in Catholic countries should be permitted in England," was rescinded in form rather than in fact by the creation of the hierarchy of 1850, which has been truly enough described as "three parts a sham." It came out not many years ago in a dispute between Archbishop Manning and one of his spiritual subjects, that these prelates have no *forum externum*, or, in other words, no canonical rights and powers, and are as completely under the thumb of Rome as were the Vicars Apostolic who preceded them. Their utter impotence to act for themselves was amusingly exemplified about ten years ago in so simple a matter as the proposed opening of a Roman Catholic Hall at Oxford, to which Cardinal Wiseman was at the time favourably disposed. A gentleman who had written to one of his suffragans on the subject was told in reply that "it was useless to apply for his sanction without having secured Rome first." A more striking illustration of the absolute subjection of English Roman Catholics to the jurisdiction of the Propaganda, which also serves to illustrate the peculiar characteristics of the late Cardinal Prefect, was supplied two or three years later, just after the death of Cardinal Wiseman, by an occurrence of which an authentic record has since appeared in print. At that time a memorial bearing one hundred and seventy signatures of the English Roman Catholic gentry, and known to represent the wishes of a much larger number, was sent to Rome, deprecating any interference on the part of the Holy See with the education of their sons at Oxford. It was Cardinal Barnabo's

office to receive it; and as Rome, under the influence of Dr. Manning—not yet become Archbishop—was understood to have committed herself to an adverse view of the Oxford scheme, it was natural that his Eminence should administer but cold comfort to the deputation. But the line of argument he adopted must certainly have rather startled them. Cardinal Barnabo is said to have been so well posted in English Catholic matters as to have kept in his desk a memorandum of the name and position of every Roman Catholic priest in England, together with an account of his character and opinions. Whether he was equally well informed as to the social and political condition of the country placed virtually under his spiritual superintendence may be judged from what took place on the occasion referred to. The Cardinal Prefect, we are told, "objected to the memorial that it had not been signed by a single Prince or Duke, and that the majority of the signatories were mere gentlemen." His Eminence was informed that in England there are no princes, except those of the blood royal, who are all Protestants, and only one Catholic Duke, who was then a minor. He next objected to the fewness of the signatures, and, on being reminded that the number of educated Catholics in England was not very large, answered that he knew better. He had lately read a report of Cardinal Wiseman's funeral, describing how the streets and house-tops were lined for five miles with millions of admiring spectators. The suggestion that the millions in question, admitting the number to be correctly stated, were neither all Roman Catholics, nor all belonging to the upper classes, was received with evident distrust. But his Eminence clenched the matter with a still more conclusive *argumentum ad hominem* which brought the interview to a close. The deputation, he observed, were of course acquainted with the Constitution of their own country, and therefore knew that "in England, when the Queen and the House of Lords had made a law, it could not be set aside; and so, when the Congregation (of Propaganda) had gone to the Pope, and the Pope had arrived at a conclusion, there was no further proceeding open."

Cardinal Barnabo was a red-tapist of the strictest sort, but he had the reputation of being a thoroughly upright and conscientious man. It may perhaps occur to English Roman Catholics to reflect *quantulâ sapientiâ regitur Angliâ*—meaning of course by *Angliâ* the Anglo-Roman Church—under such a system of administration. And, although it would be possible enough to have a better informed Prefect of Propaganda than Cardinal Barnabo, it would also be very possible for his successor to be narrower, more prejudiced, and less conscientious. It is much as if all colonial bishops held their dioceses under the absolute control of the Secretary of the S. P. G., and had to present themselves once in every three years at his office to give an account of their stewardship. The Sacred College will not be seriously affected by the loss of Barnabo or Tarquini. It would be a very different matter if the fears entertained for the life of Antonelli, who has already received the last sacraments, were to be realized. Meanwhile the Pope, who has lived to nominate nearly a hundred Cardinals and to witness the death of about half his nominees, *sedet æternumque sedebit*, to all appearance, hale and hearty as ever and exulting in the vigour of a youth perpetually renewed. He almost seems to say in the words of the poet, "Men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever"; and it is hardly wonderful perhaps that his most extravagant pretensions should win such unquestioning acceptance, when his faith is so unbounded in himself. It would be rash to hazard any conjecture as to the next occupant of the Papal throne, except that he is pretty sure to be an Italian, and most of the Italian Cardinals are, like the late Prefect of Propaganda, essentially "safe" men. But it is little more than a truism, when we run our eye down the list of names composing the Sacred College as it now exists, to say that not one of its members is likely to equal the influence, the years, or the sublime audacity of Pius the Ninth.

MEDICINE AND SOCIETY.

A DISCOURSE on the relations of medical practitioners with society concerns both doctors and patients, and therefore we have read with interest an Introductory Address delivered at St. Mary's Hospital in October last by Dr. Shepherd, and lately printed, which deals chiefly with this subject. The lecturer has our entire sympathy in arguing against a dictum of Addison in the *Spectator*, that "when a nation abounds in physicians, it grows thin of people." If this were a true saying, the population of England ought to decrease, as there is an increasing tendency to employ doctors, although for the most part in measures of prevention rather than of what used to be called cure. "Our care," says the lecturer, "that is our curing; and our care depends upon our knowledge." Many of us only go to doctors when we are sick, but quacks come to us, and it is perhaps natural that impressions which are forced upon us by quacks affect our judgment of the doctors whom they disgrace. There are, for example, the well-educated specialists who sing their own praises as lustily as the herbalist and the bone-setter. We require to remind ourselves, in glancing over advertisements of medical books, that modesty is not necessary to merit. The lecturer aptly describes his brethren as "collecting certainly with patience new facts; publishing not always with patience new speculations." The advice formerly given to a young doctor was to have himself called away from

church and dinner and to drive especially through mud and wet a rapid carriage. The advice nowadays would be to write a book. The lecturer thinks that, if doctors "read a little more and wrote a little less," their knowledge would be more thorough. This advice need not be confined to doctors. We have used the general term "quackery" to include not only the advertising pill-mongers, but also that which the lecturer calls "the worst form of quackery, outwardly fair, which, like the killing ivy, still clings to the profession." Indeed, it would be strange if there were not quacks as long as the public is ready to believe in them.

The world is naturally averse
To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows nonsense and a lye
With greediness and gluttony.

In the days when the *Spectator* wrote, "Had all these advertisers arrived at the skill they pretend to, they would have had no need to publish to the world for so many years successively the virtues of their medicines," the value of a name was not fully understood. Now it is necessary not only to advertise in order to get a name, but to advertise more plentifully to keep it. The most pertinacious advertisers of the day are the dealers in pills, wine, and tea, which may all be classed under the general name of chemicals. We hear so much now of adulteration that it is seriously questionable whether one form of British liberty may not be before many years abridged. The right to make and vend pills and potions of which nobody except the vendor knows certainly the components, is much more clearly profitable to the vendor than to anybody else. The world could perhaps go on without Morison's pills, but perhaps Morison could not.

These remarks may be illustrated by a case, at once grotesque and melancholy, which is reported from the assizes. A man called by himself a "professor," by his counsel a "quack doctor," and in the gaol calendar a "herbalist," has been tried for causing a patient's death by pills containing arsenic. He was found guilty of manslaughter, but recommended to mercy by the jury "because we do not think he knew the excess" in the quantity of arsenic. He had been selling the pills for two years without being aware of their dangerous character, and if he only killed one person in that time, the neighbourhood in which he practised has had a fortunate escape. He has only been sent to prison for three months, and it may be hoped that people will be able to die without his assistance until he is again at liberty. Our law is lenient to the mistakes of doctors, qualified or unqualified. A judge has said that in remote parts of the country many persons would be left to die if irregular doctors were not allowed to practise; and we might add that some persons would be left to live. In the case of St. John Long it was proposed to call patients whom he had cured, to which it was objected by the other side that they could not call the patients whom he had killed. He rubbed the back of a young woman with a lotion of such strength that it killed her, but nevertheless a witness was produced who "never ceased to pray for Mr. Long." A woman was tried for killing a child by applying a corrosive plaister to its head, and many witnesses declared that she had cured them of diseases when regular practitioners had failed. Sometimes, after a quack has done mischief, a regular doctor is called in to try to remedy it, and if the patient dies, of course the quack alleges that the regular doctor killed him. In one case there was the further complication that a neighbour had recommended "nerve powder" to the deceased. Thus one regular and two irregular practitioners performed a kind of triangular duel over the corpse. A man had been told by the surgeons of a county infirmary that he had an incurable cancer for which the knife would be dangerous, and that without it he might live a year. Thereupon he placed himself in the hands of a blacksmith, who applied corrosive sublimate, and killed him with great suffering in nine days. This man was with difficulty convicted, and probably, when he came out of prison, he had more patients than before. The wonder is that men are found to devote themselves to scientific study when they see ignorant audacity thus successful.

Nevertheless, both in its physical and its moral aspects a nation ought to be bettered by the existence in it of a well-educated body of medical men. Sanitary reformers aim at cleanliness, which is next to godliness. The activity of medical practitioners in sanitary reform is one of the best features of our time. In this department there is little room for quackery, and even if activity be inspired by the desire to become known, it is not on that account less useful. It must not be supposed, however, that the theory of sanitary reform is new, although to a great extent the practice is. Caius, in his "Boke against the Sweating Sicknesse," quoted in Dr. Corfield's *Utilization of Sewage*, says, "Take away the causes we may, in damnyng ditches, letting in open air, buryng dede bodies, keepyng canals cleane, sinks and easyng places sweet," &c. These principles were laid down, but nobody paid attention to them. Probably the evil consequences were less felt when the country was sparsely populated, and certainly they were less regarded. Our generation is perhaps unduly devoted to statistics, but still it must be owned that human life and death are watched among us with an intelligent solicitude almost unknown to other ages and countries of the world. Without suggesting that we hear at all too much about sewage pollution and similar unpleasant subjects, it may still be said that we hear a very great deal. In all parts of England the same process seems to be going on. We are, in a new and disagreeable sense, the heirs of all the ages. The accumulated filth of generations has become too much for either land or water

to endure, and it is even proposed to relieve earth of a task too heavy for it by burning instead of burying dead bodies. The accumulation of population in great towns is not likely to be soon arrested. Vainly the traveller describes the lovely climate and exuberant fertility of America or Africa. Millions of our countrymen must either live as they have lived or starve, and hence the problem of living healthily in dense masses engages more and more the attention of social and sanitary reformers. Parliament has shown its sense of the emergency by passing a number of confused and contradictory enactments. The lawyer is often, and sometimes in vain, invoked to say what can be done; but the doctor can generally say pretty clearly what should be done. Sickness is a chief cause of non-payment of rent, and therefore all owners of house property ought to be sanitary reformers. But the prudence which spends a shilling to save a pound is rare among us. Our upper and middle classes were till lately educated in utter ignorance of chemistry and all cognate sciences, and if anything was wrong with air or water, the ordinary householder was no more capable of explaining it than mediæval citizens who proscribed the Jews when the plague broke out among them. Much must still be done to enlighten the public mind on these matters, and the doctors, who are everywhere at all times and seasons, have the best means of doing it. "Our science," says the lecturer, "ought to come home to the people." The great aim of the medical profession for ages has been to diminish disease, especially to guard against those epidemic diseases by which the mortality of all countries is swelled enormously. The representatives of this profession, like the Jewish lawgiver, have preached cleanliness as the great preventive of disease, and isolation when disease has broken out. But they have gone beyond him in giving reasons why this or that should be done or avoided. This has been rendered necessary by advancing education. Formerly when pestilence broke out men saw in it a Divine judgment or the influence of Jews or witchcraft. Now we call the same effect Typhoid Fever, and find its cause in decaying vegetation, overflowing sewers, or fetid sinks. Thus much science has effected, but much yet remains to do.

The lecturer does not think that women can to any great extent succeed as medical practitioners. But, believing this to be a matter not of opinion but of fact, to be settled only by experience, he urges that the experiment be tried quietly, fairly, and completely. We may venture to remark that even the women who fail as doctors may succeed as nurses, nor is it easy to be persuaded that any knowledge, however small, of medicine or surgery, provided it be sound as far as it goes, is not better than none at all. Livingstone, in order to qualify himself for missionary enterprise, obtained a medical education, and much of his influence among the African races was doubtless due to the cures he performed among them. A doctor who travels is at least able to prescribe for himself; and indeed we read that Mr. Stanley, who was not a doctor, prescribed for himself and all his party while he was seeking Livingstone. A doctor's practised habit of observation makes him a useful traveller, and a woman who tried to become a doctor would acquire habits and knowledge which would certainly be useful whether she travelled or stayed at home. It is a pity that a movement in itself laudable should have been both commenced and resisted with unnecessary excitement. The claim of the lady students of anatomy to be taught in mixed classes was too "advanced" for ordinary comprehension, and it brought ridicule as well as distrust on an experiment which deserved to be fairly tried. An intelligent woman who has studied medicine must be more useful than a male quack, but countless persons of both sexes would prefer the quack. "It must be confessed," says an old writer, "that the depths and secrets of this most excellent art of physic are far beyond the reach of the most skilful woman." We incline to adopt this opinion, but we hold with the lecturer that, if we are right, experience will confirm our view. It would at any rate be well that women equally with men should be instructed in sanitary matters, so that in time the care of the public health may cease to be impeded by dense ignorance or narrow prejudice. It is difficult to believe that thorough knowledge of any subject or part of a subject can injure either man or woman. It is more difficult to believe that the heads of a profession remarkable for liberality of thought and action would refuse to impart knowledge to man or woman who seriously desired to attain it. The success of quackery in England is a portentous fact which can only be accounted for on the supposition that neither men nor women in general know anything at all of the subject, of which the quack knows just enough to utter a few big words. We were about to institute a comparison of the advantage of teaching women medicine and cookery, but really these two branches of knowledge grow from the same stem. The readiest check on that adulteration of food of which we hear so much would be that the mistress of every household should be able to test readily the quality of articles supplied to it. When ladies are educated to that point, it will be unsafe for the family doctor, if he cannot cure an illness, to hide his ignorance by giving it a Latin or Greek name. At present we like to hear the material body discussed almost in the style which the *Daily Telegraph* applies to the body politic. The spread of good sound education among doctors and patients would go far to extinguish quackery; and this lecture may do good by exhorting students to aim at a high standard of knowledge, and not be lazily content with answering the needs of an examination. The general practitioner is the advance-guard of the army which fights against disease. His opportunity of learning is short and fleeting, and then he is entrusted with the lives of individuals, the happiness of families,

the safety of a community. Notwithstanding the high authority of Addison, we doubt whether a nation can have too many doctors, provided they be good ones.

THE TIMES ON SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE.

THAT the *Times* or any other paper should review the Icelandic and English Dictionary which has just issued from the Clarendon Press is right and proper. That the critic who reviews it should do full justice to the labours of the three persons who have had a share in the work, Mr. Cleasby, Mr. Vigfusson, and Dr. Dasent, is also right and proper. That he should take the opportunity to set forth the importance of the Scandinavian languages and literature, and the claims which they have on the study of Englishmen, is right and proper no less. That, in so doing, one who is evidently a special lover of Scandinavia as against the rest of the world should a little overdo matters and claim for his favourite Northmen rather more than is strictly due to them, is, if not right and proper, at least natural and pardonable. That a special partisan of Northmen should pick up somewhat of the Berserker rage, and should rush on through his article like a stream that has just swept away its dam, is, if not natural and pardonable, at least what we are thoroughly used to. That a student or critic of Dr. Dasent should pick up somewhat of Dr. Dasent's manner, that he should take the opportunity of reviewing an Icelandic Dictionary to make small jokes about the "Sarcophagus Club," and "our wife," and a cabman who is to take him to Belgrave Square, and about Mr. Gladstone's dissolution of Parliament, is perhaps not wholly unparalleled. But what does seem to us uncalled-for (we bow to Dr. Dasent's critic; we cannot say "unclept for"), what we take (we again knock under; we cannot "nim") the liberty to think is going rather beyond the mark, is when the critic, not content with exalting the Old-Norsk tongue, makes an onslaught against the Old-English tongue; when, not content with paying a well-deserved homage to Mr. Vigfusson, Dr. Dasent, and their fellows, he must needs deal a stray stroke of the Danish axe against certain English scholars who really have nothing to do with the matter.

There is something amusing in the way in which the critic's zeal boils over at the very mention of an Icelandic-English Dictionary, and in the astounding waste of energy with which he lays about him to prove many things which are true but not new, and a few which, whether new or not, are certainly not true. Here the burst begins in italics:—

An Icelandic-English Dictionary. In these days of universal enlightenment, we wonder if any one doubts the importance of such a work, and whether it can be necessary to prove the fact.

We wonder too, or rather we do not wonder, or rather perhaps we wonder that the *Times*' critic should take the trouble to wonder about it. We can only speak for ourselves; but, without pretending to universal enlightenment, we at least feel ourselves so far enlightened that we have no doubt whatever as to the importance of the Icelandic-English Dictionary, and we should have thought it quite unnecessary to prove its importance. Then the critic goes on to tell us of a number of things which "every child knows of course," and about some of which we should be very glad if every child did know them. We beg however to make an exception on one point. We hope that no child believes that the "Northmen, that aggressive race, from the base of their possessions beyond the Humber, pressed the Saxon population before them in the great district of Mercia." The Saxon population of Mercia was just what the Danes left alone, when, in 877, "gefor se here on Myrcena land, and hit gedædon *sum* and *sum* Ceolwulfe sealdon." In the division between Alfred and Guthrum all the Saxon part of Mercia was carefully secured to Alfred.

From the child the critic appeals to the grown man, and that in one of the grandest efforts of the grand style. The preamble somewhat reminds us of the preamble of ancient Acts of Parliament in the days when there was such a thing as legislative eloquence:—

Now, lest grown men should affect to despise, as altogether antiquated and obsolete, all this information which every child knows, relegating it at once like Milton—who knew nearly as little of the subject as most of our grown men—to the days of bows and arrows, and comparing the mighty struggle by which all England was lost or won to "the flockings of kites and crows," we proceed to remind the grown man that he, too, has a native language, and affects to speak it with all that elegance and purity which so invariably distinguish the grown man of the present day. He would be the first to confess, however little he may be concerned with Canute and Edmund Ironside, and however much he may despise utterances such as that of Harold the Saxon to his Norwegian namesake, when he offered him seven feet or a little more as his share of English earth, or deeds such as that of the nameless Norwegian who, after the battle of Stamford Bridge, held the bridge over the Derwent against the whole Saxon host—that even he cannot pass his life without speaking a language largely recruited from the speech of these very Northmen, now dead and gone for nine centuries.

Among so many parentheses and illustrations we get a little puzzled about the nominative case, the "he" and the "even he"; and people who write with such a mighty rush as this are not likely to stop and remember that, according to history, it was not at the end of the battle, but near the beginning, that the one Northman kept the bridge. Nor are they likely to stop and think that it is rather a slander on the Yorkshiremen, some of whom surely joined the King when he came to help them, to speak of the English host as wholly Saxon. All this is a kind of thing which we must put up with. But we have not yet done with the grown man; he has a most solemn piece of advice given him:—

If our grown man should assert that in this respect he is quite independent

of the North, and can get on very well with the words which his Anglo-Saxon forefathers have bequeathed to him, we advise him to try the point in the case of two words which he uses about a hundred times a day.

Then comes the joking in which the critic takes occasion to talk familiarly about Belgrave Square, and to let us see what fashionable company critics of Icelandic Dictionaries are used to. And there is something more, which is doubtless meant to be funny, about a "street Arab" who has eased somebody of his pocket-handkerchief, which makes us inclined to get angry, not on behalf of Anglo-Saxons or Northmen, or anybody of that kind, but of the misused Semitic folk, who after all are human creatures and speak an inflexional language. The upshot of all this merriment is to show that several Scandinavian words made their way into English and actually displaced earlier English words. One of these is a very common word *take*, with its endless variety of meanings. The writer has also to show that in two or three cases of very common words the Scandinavian form has displaced the English. Now really all this did not need such an amazing flourish of trumpets. Granting all the critic's assertions, and we might be inclined to dispute one or two of them, they only prove what nobody ever doubted, that there is a certain Scandinavian element in our language. For our part what we wonder at is that the Scandinavian influence was not much greater than it was. Then comes another burst. After some more talk about kites and crows, the critic goes on to complain of our existing Old-English Dictionaries. We confess with shame that Englishmen have not done so much with their own tongue as they ought to have done, and that Danes and High Germans have done more for us than we have done for ourselves. Still surely some good work is doing by several scholars, whose merits it might have been graceful to acknowledge, and, at any rate, there was no need for the critic to go out of his way to have a fling at several people some centuries apart from one another who have absolutely no part or lot in the matter:—

Were we in possession of as good an Anglo-Saxon Dictionary as this Icelandic-English one, and were thus in a position to know what the Anglo-Saxon language in its purity really was, the proofs of this influence would be still more striking; but, as it is, our Anglo-Saxon dictionaries merely repeat the errors of former compilers, whose ignorance was, perhaps, excusable, but still was ignorance all the same. A scholar like Junius, in the scantiness of the means at his command, might well make mistakes in his Anglo-Saxon Glossary; but it is too bad to find the same errors handed down for centuries merely because they appear in Junius, though they are manifest misreadings and mistakes. Junius, for instance, might have been justified in confounding many Northern words which the Saxons had adopted from their Northern conquerors with their Anglo-Saxon equivalents, and later on in confounding semi-Saxon, or Early-English distortions, with pure Anglo-Saxon speech; he might make "cotvealdor" into "potwalloper" with the Anglo-Norman scribes, or, in the contemporary life of Edward the Confessor, read "busam vetitum" for "Vusam vetitum," mistaking the Anglo-Saxon "b" and "v" from their similarity in form. Whether he would have translated like Mr. Luard, whom Mr. Freeman has blindly followed, "busam vetitum," by "the buss or ship hindered from sailing," when the writer, alluding to the Ouse choked with bodies, simply said it was forbidden to fling by the corpses of the slain, is more than we can tell; but had he lived in these days he would certainly not have perpetrated his errors as has been the case with those who have merely followed in his wake.

Now we really do not know what all this is about, or what it has to do with the labours of Mr. Cleasby, Mr. Vigfusson, and Dr. Dasent. We do not profess to know what Junius, or anybody else, would have done under certain circumstances in which he was not placed, and, as neither the "Anglo-Norman scribes" nor Mr. Luard nor Mr. Freeman undertook to write dictionaries, we do not see how they can be compared with Junius for better or for worse. But if it were worth while to ask a philo-Scandinavian critic in the full rush of the Berserker fury to stop about anything, we might ask him at least to stop long enough to quote accurately those whom he goes quite out of his way to quote at all. Mr. Luard does not translate "busam vetitum" by "the buss or ship hindered from sailing," nor does Mr. Freeman blindly follow Mr. Luard. If the critic had stopped to look at the passage in the edition of Mr. Luard's *Life of Edward*, and at Mr. Freeman's Appendix to his third volume, he would have seen that, rightly or wrongly, Mr. Luard and Mr. Freeman explain the passage in two different ways, and that the "buss" belongs wholly to Mr. Freeman and not at all, as the critic says, to Mr. Luard. Mr. Freeman no doubt simply made the best he could of his printed book. Critics who go to the Sarcophagus Club and tell their cabs to take them to Belgrave Square may perhaps be able never to quote any book of which they cannot at once turn to the manuscript. But scholars of a less lordly degree have, since the days of Gutenberg, been commonly glad to use the best—in this case the only—printed text that they can get. The real charge, so far as there is any, is against Mr. Luard. If the critic would come down from his stilts, and would tell us in plain words what he means, it would most likely turn out that he means that Mr. Luard has misread his manuscript and has printed "busam" where he ought to have printed "Vusam." We understand him to mean that *Vusa* means the Ouse, and that the meaning of the passage is that the river was choked up by the dead bodies, which of course, as far as the fact or fiction goes, is the same thing as the boats not being able to sail for the dead bodies. Now if the critic has any real ground for charging Mr. Luard with this mistake, if he has himself consulted the manuscript and finds that it is so, he should bring his accusation in a straightforward shape and should show us his proofs; he ought not to throw the charge in at random when he is talking about something quite different. Till he does this we must make two provisional remarks. In the specimen of the manuscript given by Mr. Luard, the *v* and the *b* are not at all alike. And in the only text—a mere printed text—of the *Heimskringla* to

which we can refer at this moment, the Ouse is not called "Vusa," but "Uso," and in Florence it is not "Vusa," but "Usa." Also, it is hard on the biographer of Edward to talk of him as "alluding to the Ouse" as if he had been a penny-a-liner. The charge which the critic brings against Mr. Luard may be perfectly true; all that we say is, that this is not the place or the way to make it.

Lastly, the critic cannot wind up without having a fling at the Old-English language itself. He quotes Dr. Dasent's panegyric on Scandinavian literature, against which we have not a word to say, but he must needs bring it in with a little depreciation of our own ancient literature:—

A language may be rich in forms and phrases, in law terms and quibbles, and in allusions and references to folk-lore, and yet not be of much interest to the general reader. The Anglo-Saxon itself is such a language, rich in words and forms, but so poor in literature as not to hold out any inducement to the general reader to study it. When you have reckoned up a few poems and a store of legends and homilies, what remains of Anglo-Saxon literature except the *Chronicle*, a unique and venerable monument indeed, but most tantalizing from its brevity and dryness. Of quite another character is the Icelandic or Northern language, to which the English student has now access through this Dictionary.

We have read something of this kind before from the American writer Mr. Marsh, and it made us ask, as we ask again of our present critic, Has either of them read the book of which he is talking? The English *Chronicles* differ widely in different parts. The dryness, the brevity, we are ready to say the meagreness, of some parts stands out in the most marked contrast to the fulness and eloquence of other parts. One would think that both Mr. Marsh and the *Times* critic can have done no more than turn over a few pages, and that they alighted on these pages at an unlucky point. One cannot think that they can have read the reign of Alfred or the reign of Henry the First, the portrait of the Conqueror or the pictures of England during the wars of Stephen. If they look upon those passages as tantalizing from their brevity and dryness, they must use words in some sense which we do not understand. But it is not fair to compare our *Chronicles*, which are history, with the *Sagas*, which are legend. Any one who has tried to patch together English and Scandinavian history would be delighted to have on the Scandinavian side something, be it as dry and as brief as the reign of Cnut in the *Chronicle*, which would give him trustworthy facts and dates. It is rather an odd standard to take when the critic speaks of "Anglo-Saxon" as being a language which does not "hold out any inducement to the general reader to study it." We do not believe that the "general reader" is so great a fool as his friends sometimes make out; still we should hardly choose him as our guide in questions of ancient literature. We should not have suspected the "general reader" of being much given to the study either of Old-English or of Old-Norsk; still, of the two, one might have thought that the fact that one is his own language, while the other is only the language of his cousins, might make some difference. And, after all, many books written for the general reader, histories of the popular kind, draw on one store as much as on the other. The general reader, the critic's child or his grown man, have each of them a fair chance of having heard of the offer of seven feet of ground made by one Harold to the other; but they have surely at least as good a chance of knowing how "stark" the Conqueror was, and how men in the days of Stephen "tholed" nineteen winters for their sins.

We have only to say that, when the long-expected day comes when Dr. Dasent shall give us the edition of the *Sagas* for which we have looked in vain for so many years, we shall be delighted to read the panegyric—high-flown perhaps, but we feel sure thoroughly deserved—which his book can hardly fail to win from the hands of his present critic.

A PARIS MOB.

THOSE who chanced to be in Paris about this time three years ago will scarcely have carried away agreeable recollections of the disposition of the Parisian populace. It was immediately after the German siege, and a week or two before the outbreak of the Commune. The city had been occupied and laid under contribution, and the people were smarting under a humiliation which they had done very little to avert. They had imported into a feverish time of peace the swaggering manners which they had put on with a state of siege, as they retained the arms they had carried as National Guards. They had got into a habit of "demonstrating." They crowded the cafés and the wine shops, while their excitable brains and the latent ferocity of their natures were warmed by wine and vitriolized cognac into a highly inflammable condition. The air was charged with suspicion, and, having just been sent under the Caudine Forks, they were eager to vent their feelings of outraged patriotism by the sacrifice of any scapegoat they might catch hold of. We know that there were Germans bold enough to venture back to Paris in those dangerous days; but they trusted to their familiarity with French speech, well understanding that, in the event of detection, their lives would not be worth a moment's purchase. Even Englishmen were very far from safe among a people not much given to discriminating among foreigners; and we have ourselves had the "shibboleth" put to us on board a river steamer, in the shape of a conversation deliberately forced on us with the idea of eliciting proof as to our nationality. Nor was it altogether an agreeable ordeal to go through, while the improvised *procureur* for the *plebs* was backed up by a volunteer tribunal ready to condemn and execute at an instant's notice. But more offen-

sive even than the detested Prussians to the mob of Paris were the men who had acted as police agents under the former régime; nor was it admitted as an extenuating circumstance that they had renewed their engagements under the existing authorities. Knowing the strength of the general feeling, these gentlemen generally went about their duties in so strict a secrecy that for the time being the police might be said to have suppressed itself. If only one or two of them came to an untimely end, it was because they took very good care to keep out of the way. One tragedy occurred to justify their prudence, and it naturally created a profound sensation at the time. A certain Vincenzini was murdered under circumstances of the most brutal and cowardly barbarity, and the trial of two of his murderers has just ended in their condemnation to death by sentence of court-martial. In the February of 1871 some of the troublesome battalions of Belleville had arranged for a boisterous demonstration on the Place of the Bastille. The Prefect of Police desired to have information about them, and the unfortunate Vincenzini was sent out to observe. Judging by the courage which he showed in his extremity, it is probable that he volunteered for the dangerous service. Unfortunately for himself he was recognized, and the people threw themselves upon him like so many wild beasts to the cry of "Mouchard!" It must be remembered that the gathering was ostensibly one of the National Guards, and that there were several disciplined battalions on the spot, wearing the national uniform, and under the command of officers who might be supposed to be men of some character and position, however advanced might be their political ideas. Yet none of these civilian soldiers interposed in any way; or rather they interposed to hound on the assailants of a man who was only discharging his duty and obeying the orders of his superiors. He was surrounded by a mixed mob in blouses, broad-cloth, and uniform, each of them eager for the infamy of laying hands upon him. The scene that ensued was never surpassed in the most hideous days of the Reign of Terror, and we have no desire to dwell on the revolting details. What we do remark upon is the deliberation with which the crime was perpetrated, and the fact that some twenty thousand persons are estimated to have been more or less directly implicated in it, thanks to the victim's extraordinary tenacity of life. Shockingly mangled at the base of the Column of July, he was dragged away in the direction of the Seine. As they passed a grating that covers a subterranean canal the murderous procession came to a stop while an attempt was made to force the fastenings. Foiled in that, they resumed their progress towards the river. More than once, strange to relate, Vincenzini had the strength to break away from his tormentors, and more than once the resolute interference of the better-disposed bystanders might possibly have saved him. But no one raised a finger to protect him. He was flung at last into the river, and although he had still the courage to try to save himself by swimming, he was not allowed even that poor chance for his life. He was pelted to death with any missiles that came to hand, and among the worst features of the whole infamous affair was the behaviour of the crew and passengers on a river steamer that chanced to come up at the time. They at least may be presumed to have been "respectable"; they were not intoxicated by malignant passion; and they did so far obey a natural impulse of humanity as to make a faint attempt to save the man. But the fear of a bruise or two from the missiles that were flying about was sufficient to deter them; they slunk away, and saw Vincenzini brained with a boat-hook.

The counsel for one of the ruffians on trial had very little to urge in favour of his client, except that he was scarcely more to be blamed than his twenty thousand fellow-citizens. There we thoroughly go along with the learned gentleman. We consider that the circumstances of Vincenzini's murder supply a painfully significant commentary on the recent history of the capital of France. One cannot but be reminded of Voltaire's celebrated definition of the nature of his countrymen. So long as the governing power can keep a firm hand on them, the baser sort show the monkey side of their character. They jabber in chorus to the chatter of empty-pated demagogues, and play as many mischievous and malicious tricks as they can with impunity. But when they have broken loose from restraint the tiger comes out, and woe to the unlucky victims who fall under their teeth and claws. Their sanguinary instincts flash out with surprising suddenness, as when they began their *émeute* on Montmartre by shooting the generals in the Rue des Rosiers; and when once they have seen and tasted blood, they shed it without stint until they are forced back into their dens. We are not inclined to draw over-nice distinctions between the French and the English rough. We believe the one to be about as brutal at bottom as the other. But there is this very practical difference between the two nations, that the English ruffian has seldom a fair opportunity of showing himself in his true colours. A comparatively innocent Chartist demonstration in London is a challenge to which property and respectability respond by mustering generally as constables for the occasion. With us there are men of all classes, from the peer to the workman, who think public order worth risking their bones for, and if order were once seriously threatened society would find stalwart champions in abundance. In France and Paris it is otherwise. In times of license the dangerous classes give the tone to popular sentiment and terrorize their betters, whom they push to the wall. The "bandits," to borrow a favourite epithet from the French criminal romances, meet the discontented workmen on a common ground, gather in the same halls below the same tribunes, and swarm on the same benches in

the same wine-shops. The most atrocious doctrines are admitted as matter for fair discussion, the most bloodthirsty language passes current, and caste antipathy under the name of patriotism is considered sufficient excuse for the most revolting cruelty. The actors in a revolution or an *émeute*, encouraged by a variety of precedents, have a reasonable faith that they will triumph for the time, and rush unhesitatingly into deeds of violence with no wholesome fear of retribution. The worst excesses are prompted by habitual criminals, and it is those who are reckless and beyond the pale of the law that in reality govern the proceedings of the mob. Meanwhile the cowardly abstention of the more respectable classes makes them accomplices in excesses which at first alarmed them. There is no kind of organization to counteract the impulses that hurry the masses to mischief. No man dare put himself forward in the cause of order, for fear of precipitating his fate and being made an example of. We have said that twenty thousand people were looking on while Vincenzini was dragged along decent streets. A week or two afterwards the *bourgeoisie* of the boulevards and the *Marais* remained equally supine while the savage gentlemen of the Commune made their first timid descent. Strangers who were there and saw the advanced guard of the Communists come slinking out into the spacious thoroughfares know how very little it would have needed to check them in the outset. As no one, however, took it upon him to interfere, Paris was handed over to the anarchists.

It is probable that the villains who have been condemned will be shot, as in this case there is no jury with its stereotyped recommendation to mercy. But we cannot exactly concur in the assertion of their counsel that they are the only persons who are punished. They are singled out, it is true, to pay the penalty of death, because Justice happened to lay her hands on them, but their accomplices, active and passive, have all been suffering as well. Broadly speaking, it may be said that retribution has been meted out with some approach to equality, according to the various degrees of guilt of those who have been chiefly responsible for the calamities of the war and the Commune. It is not only that Imperialist generals and statesmen have lost their places, their reputation, or their fortunes, and that the Communist ringleaders who were not shot down are pining for the most part in New Caledonia. Paris itself is changed altogether from the gay city that clamoured so vociferously for the march on Berlin, and all classes of her inhabitants are more or less suffering. The rank and file of the Commune, and those who sympathized with their Socialist ideas, are on short commons, if not in actual starvation. The winter has been by no means severe, yet it has been found necessary to open soup-kitchens, and the press, without distinction of politics, has declared the extreme urgency of relief. Those who apply for tickets and fall into *queues* outside the kitchen doors are the wives of workmen who were earning ample wages but a few years ago. Distress among the artisans implies general slackness in trade; and, in fact, the shopkeepers have let the proletariat ruin their native customers and frighten away their foreign friends. With the resident Parisians retrenchment is the fashion of the day, in place of the lavish prodigality of the Empire. The cost of living has gone up with the *octroi* duties and the taxes; the only thing that has gone down is house-rent, and this means straitened circumstances for the many worthy Parisians who made it their ambition to become proprietors of houses. There is no longer a Court to stimulate luxurious expenditure; there are few fortunes in process of "being eaten" for the benefit of the *Circes* of the *demi monde*; the receptions of the Septennat which replace the festivities of the Tuilleries give the painful impression of gaiety by word of command, and provoke but small emulation in private circles; and the *baccarat* parties, where heavy sums were lightly won to be as lightly squandered, are gone as much out of date as the revels of the Regency. Paris is pinched, in short, from the highest to the lowest; as the poorer classes are on reduced rations of bread and wine, so the rich are on short allowance of diamonds and cashmeres; while the *bourgeois* must eat rabbits for chickens, and promenade in the city of a Sunday, instead of making agreeable excursions to the suburbs. No doubt Paris will some day recover the good looks and cheerful manners which attracted the strangers by whom she lived and flourished; in the meantime she is moving in a vicious circle from which it will be hard to escape, and serving the term of punishment to which she has sentenced herself. We should be glad to believe that she laid the causes of her suffering to heart, but this, we fear, is past hoping for.

INTIMIDATION BY PRAYER.

IT was at first difficult to know whether the reports in the American newspapers of an extraordinary agitation which was represented to have lately broken out in that country were meant in jest or earnest; but it can now hardly be doubted that they rest on some foundation of fact. It appears that American women, without waiting for the franchise, have taken a short cut to the enforcement of a measure upon which they have set their hearts. They have resolved to put down drinking-bars, and over the greater part of Ohio, and also in some of the other States, they seem to have succeeded for the moment in a remarkable manner. The movement began in Ohio about the beginning of the year. In little more than a month twenty-five or thirty counties in this State were overrun, and the campaign is now

being vigorously pushed in Indiana and Illinois. The war is carried on by the women of a town or village marching down upon one whisky-shop after another, and summoning each dealer in succession to abandon his trade, and to throw his liquors into the gutter. If he hesitates, he is assailed with volleys of prayer and a cannonade of hymns. If he continues obdurate, a permanent camp is established either in his shop or in front of the door; successive bands relieve each other, and the state of siege is maintained by perpetual singing and praying. With a body of this kind either in actual occupation or planted at the door of taverns, it may be conceived that the regular frequenters are not very likely to find themselves at home there. Any one who attempts to make his way to the bar is liable to be pounced upon and argued with in a vehement manner. The names of the regular frequenters are taken down and published in the newspapers, and the offenders are also publicly prayed for in terms which it is somewhat difficult for them to endure. How far there has been any softening of heart on the part of the whisky-sellers or their customers may perhaps be doubted; but it seems to be beyond question that they have found it difficult to resist the agitation directed against them. It is easy to understand that the mobbing by itself, apart from the hymns and the praying, would be sufficient to bring the trade to a standstill; and publicans whose customers have been driven away may reasonably consent to close their premises. One desperate saloon-keeper defied the saints, and swore that he would keep open house as long as he had a pint of rum left; but the besiegers resolved to "pray him out," and they did so in such an effectual manner that they not only persuaded him to abandon his wicked calling, but converted him into one of their most enthusiastic allies. As he sends round the hat at all his meetings, his conversion has possibly been a commercial success. A large number of saloon-keepers are said to have surrendered at discretion, and in most of the villages of Ohio the sale of intoxicating drinks has been entirely suppressed. "Athens," says one of the Correspondents of the *New York Times*, "is the town from which I telegraphed that all the dealers had hardened their hearts, and declared that they would never relent. And now comes the intelligence that they are eating their words, have had a meeting, and are rapidly making concessions to those daily offering prayers." In Logan, though all the saloons are closed, the liquor-dealers refuse to sign the pledge, and the women have therefore organized themselves into regular patrols to watch for interlopers who may attempt to revive the traffic. In another despatch we read that "the Ripley ladies to-day left their regular field and went over into Logan's Gap, a very thriving town, and completely prayed out a drinking and gambling establishment." In Ripley it is stated that there are only two saloons that have not succumbed, and these are doing nothing and are evidently on the verge of surrender. "Drinkers," however, "hope for a reaction and the squelching of the movement." The crusade against liquor is not confined to the saloon-keepers. The apothecaries who sell spirits in various forms, and the physicians who prescribe intoxicating drinks, have also been attacked, and in many cases pledges have been obtained from them. The druggists of Athens sent in a pledge which was not considered sufficiently stringent by the leaders of the women; so it was returned to them for reconsideration. The druggists then requested a consultation, which was granted, and it is understood that in the end they gave way.

It would appear that, in Ohio at least, the suddenness and intensity of the movement have overwhelmed the sellers of liquor as well as their supporters, but some of the former have not succumbed without protest. A "hard-fisted dealer in Morrow," who had yielded to the women, changed his mind when he thought of his family. "Can you plead with me to quit my business," he asks, "while I have a wife and three little children depending on me for a living? I have no trade, and I feel it my duty to feed and clothe my little children, and my love for them cannot be broken." "Kind ladies," he adds, "I signed your paper. I am not sorry for it, but I have some stock ale on hand, and cider and wine, and I want a committee of men to come and buy them." Other dealers have gone to law against the temperance women. At Hillsboro', Highland County, an old dealer named Dunn says he has been damaged to the extent of 10,000 dollars by prayer, and claims compensation to the amount, but when the mail left no decision had been given. It will be interesting to know how the case goes. It may be assumed that the defendants will not seek to deny the efficacy of their prayers against the publicans, but will rather triumph in it. On the other hand, it may be contended that praying by mobs has a dangerous resemblance to a physical force demonstration, and that if prayer is really efficacious in itself, it would be more convenient that it should be done indoors. A more commonplace ground of action against the praying bands is that they obstruct the streets and trespass on property which belongs to other people. If the whisky-dealers are wise, they will be content to put up their shutters in the meantime, and to wait for the inevitable reaction. It is impossible to suppose that the sale of liquor can be permanently put down by a sudden outbreak of fanaticism. The violence of the movement may be expected to exhaust itself very soon, and it is to be feared that the unclean spirits will then return with renewed vigour to freshly-swept and garnished stores. For a number of years past attempts have been made in different parts of the United States to secure the forcible suppression of the liquor trade; but, as far as trustworthy evidence can be obtained, without success. Either the law is repealed by a sudden revulsion of public feeling, or it is allowed to remain

as a dead letter. In defiance of the law liquors can be obtained in abundance either surreptitiously or under a name which is scarcely a disguise. In one of the States in which the sale of drink is prohibited a medicinal beverage was lately introduced under the name of the Hop Tonic, and was largely patronized. A considerable body of citizens discovered that their constitutions required bracing, and partook freely of the new physic, which was found to be not unpleasant. After a time the authorities became suspicious, and when the Hop Tonic was analysed it was discovered, as might have been expected, that it was a very good sort of beer. Whether this particular preparation has now been finally suppressed we cannot say, but it may be taken for granted that, if it has, some other concoction has been devised to supply its place. There can be no doubt that the women of Ohio are right in directing their attack against the druggists as well as the liquor-dealers; since the craving for stimulants can be gratified by the former quite as well as by the latter. One result of the attempted extinction of the trade in ordinary liquors would no doubt be a rapid increase in the use of intense and dangerous narcotics.

The most remarkable feature in the Whisky War is the abject effacement of the men. It would appear that the women are allowed to enforce their decrees without remonstrance or opposition from the male part of the community, except such as keep drinking-bars and saloons. Yet the fact that there were so many bars and saloons to be put down proves that these establishments must have been frequented by numerous customers. Some allowance must be made for the tendency to romance of American reporters, but it is impossible to doubt that the campaign which they describe is, at least to some extent, a real event and not a fiction. The submission of the men is, however, a circumstance which requires to be explained. There is an emotional side to the American character which occasionally produces startling results, and it is probable that the movement of the women is only part of an epidemic of religious hysteria which has also affected the other sex. In Nelsonville, we are told, "the war has developed into a Methodist revival"; but it would perhaps be more correct to say that the movement has developed out of the revival. The women claim to be endowed with the power of the Holy Spirit, and "fight zealously, not only against drunkenness, but against sin of every description." It has been reasonably suggested that the panic of September and the consequent distress and anxiety have had a good deal to do with the paroxysm of piety and reformatory feeling which has lately seized many of the Americans. The Evangelicals are passing through a fever of revivalism, and the Catholics have also succeeded in establishing a rival enthusiasm in favour of pilgrimages. The temperance agitation is only another variety of the emotional epidemic. A wild fanatical outbreak of this kind is in itself a form of dissipation not far removed, either in its moral or physical consequences, from that which is indulged in by the frequenters of the whisky-bars. If the raid on the liquor-shops is only part of a general revival, it can be readily explained, and may be expected in the end to contribute very considerably to the prosperity of these establishments. If public opinion in the districts in question is really in favour of suppressing the liquor traffic, it might be left to die out from simple starvation, since public-houses would not be kept open if there were no customers to support them. On the other hand, if people are determined to have drink, the prohibition of the sale of it will soon become a mockery.

What chiefly deserves to be noticed about this agitation is that it is simply a form of mob intimidation which, in any country where personal rights were respected and reasonable freedom maintained, would be suppressed at once by the authorities. If the people who are now praying down the rum-shops and whisky-bars really believed in the efficacy of prayer pure and simple, they would be content to pray comfortably at home instead of going out into the streets. The mere fact that the prayers have to be delivered in the presence of the saloon-keeper or in front of his door sufficiently proves that the prayers are directed, not to Heaven, but at the persons who are to be coerced. The *Times*, in that faddy doctrinaire spirit which has of late unhappily become its second nature, has warned the publicans of England that, if they do not take care, they may come to be handled in the same way as the whisky-dealers of Ohio. It is impossible to suppose that the writer distinctly realized in his own mind all the conditions of a movement which, in point of fact, amounts to an absolute subversion of social order. In some parts of the United States there is a law against the sale of intoxicating liquors; in other parts the sale is free and lawful. Where the trade is prohibited it is for the authorities to put it down; but that it should be possible for a trade which is perfectly lawful to be suppressed by mobs of howling women in the streets is clearly a violation of one of the first principles of government. Here is a description, by an impartial writer, of the process of agitation:—

The women go to the bar-rooms in large companies—forty, fifty, or a hundred at a time—and pour forth their supplications, loud, long, and all together, in the midst of the bottles and tobacco. Perhaps I need not say that the prayers are strongly flavoured with personality, and interfere materially with the business of the saloons. The women are shrewd enough to take care that there shall be no intermissions for refreshment. When they have once swarmed upon a bar-room they never leave it until the keeper agrees to close the shutters and quit the business. Morning, noon, and night the ladies stick to their work. Hymn follows prayer, and prayer is taken up again when the song dies away. Relays of women relieve each other. You see it is mainly a question of endurance.

It is perfectly plain that this is really not a service of prayer, but a

noisy physical terrorism, and that it ought to be suppressed by the authorities as a violation of public order. The women have of course a right to pray as much as they like, but they have not a right to pray just where they like—in anybody's house or in front of his shopdoor, blocking up all access to it. The democratic and fanatical idea that the end justifies the means, and that the will of the people must be carried out offhand without the tedious constitutional ceremonies of passing laws and entrusting the execution of them to responsible authorities under strict regulations, has perhaps made some progress in this country since it has been taken up by the *Times*; but we trust that we are still far off from the tyranny of the mob in this blasphemous and disgusting form. Agitators have no more right to pray in the streets in order to intimidate private persons than to hold meetings there for a similar object; and it is necessary to remember that a weapon of this kind is capable of a great variety of uses besides that of crushing one set of shopkeepers.

DINING À LA RUSSE AND OTHERWISE.

AMONG the English fashions which least deserve the applause of foreigners is that of calling things by fine names. A lady who has lately written on social economy for the instruction of other ladies gravely inculcates the expediency of dining *à la Russe*, by which she explains herself to mean putting a joint on the sideboard to be carved. If it were not alarmingly heretical, we might suggest, as a further improvement, dining without having a joint at all. This lady thinks that the smell of fruit and flowers and the taste of meat do not blend well, and therefore she suggests, as an improvement upon the Russian mode, the substitution of "nice prettily-dressed vegetables in their stead." There is here a subordination of the practical to the elegant—or what is thought so—which we cannot enough admire, so long as we are at a safe distance from it. We should like to hear the comments of our old friend the author of the *Original* upon this idea of ornamental vegetables. "The only convenient plan," he says, "is to have everything actually upon the table that is wanted at the same time, and nothing else." We fear that he cared little either for central flowers or for diamonds flaming in the forehead of the hostess. He thinks that gentlemen understand what pertains to dinner-giving better than ladies, and bachelors' feasts are generally popular. "Gentlemen keep more in view the real ends, whereas ladies think principally of display and ornament, of form and ceremony." He notices as "a female failing" an inconvenient love of garnish and flowers, either natural or cut in turnips and carrots, and stuck on dishes so as to impede carving. "This," he says, "is the true barbarian principle of ornament, and is in no way distinguishable from the untutored Indian's fondness for feathers and shells." But there is a still worse practice, and that is pouring sauce over certain dishes to prevent them from looking too plain:—"I cannot distinguish this from that of the Hottentot besmearing himself with grease, or the Indian with red paint, with, I suppose, the same reason for their practice." To his mind good meat, well cooked, the plainer it looks the better it looks. His idea of what dinners ought to be should be reprinted as a sixpenny book, and sold at all railway stations, as a companion, or rather contrast, to *How to Economize like a Lady*. Instead of an inconvenient and useless centre-piece, he would have "a basket of beautiful bread, white and brown," in the middle of the table. There might be a preliminary difficulty here, for beautiful bread, like good water, can hardly be got in London. Each dish, as it is placed upon the table, ought to be accompanied by "the proper vegetables, quite hot." We almost wonder that the shade of Walker does not return to earth to testify against "nice prettily dressed dishes of vegetables" being employed for decoration. "Spinach," says the lady, "especially lends itself to ideas of this kind," and she recommends it "in the form of a pyramid with young carrots ranged round it at regular intervals." It would be uncourteous at this moment to suggest that we can have too much of anything Russian, but really it is alarming to anticipate that our tables will be covered with ornamental vegetables. Garrick ridiculed a fashion of his time by wearing turnips and carrots when Sir John Brute assumed his wife's headdress. The fashion of Russian dinners is likely to be similarly burlesqued by those who take the manual published by Messrs. Routledge as their guide to economical hospitality. The author thinks that "mashed turnips and carrots in ornamental moulds" may help to make "an extremely pretty table." There is perhaps some other manual of the same series which explains, as part of the manners of society, whether these mashed vegetables are intended to be eaten or only to be looked at. The practical Walker would say they should be eaten, if at all, while hot, but then he was insensible to the æsthetic value of a lump of pounded turnips moulded into a rude resemblance of a pine-apple. He was "an advocate for the use of dumb-waiters," and was wholly insensible to the dignity conferred upon a dinner by the attendance of a man in white cotton gloves from the grocer's. "It is necessary," he says, "not to be afraid of not having enough, or of the table looking bare." In an economical point of view, there is this to be said in favour of the massive centre-piece, that the guests can neither eat nor drink it. But, in contemplation of the *Original*, it was merely an impediment to conversation. "Enough is as good as a feast" in providing as well as in eating.

It is a pity that the doctrine preached nearly forty years ago has

made little progress up to the present time. We load our tables with unnecessary food, and in the generality of dinners there is no character but dull routine, according to the season. Walker was an enemy to variety of wines, and as he preferred only one wine with a particular dish he thought one wineglass sufficient. He liked to simplify as much as possible, and perhaps he as well as other philosophers pushed his favourite doctrine to an extreme. We rather think that when he describes such a dinner as he would give himself he does not mention water as either useful or ornamental. Yet almost everybody considers pure water in shapely glass a desirable object to see, if not to taste. Walker mentions a dinner which he ordered on Christmas Day for two persons besides himself, and which the party enjoyed very much. "It consisted of crimped cod, woodcocks, and plum-pudding, just as much of each as we wanted, and accompanied by champagne." After dinner they drank mulled claret. It is as true now as when Walker wrote that most people mistake the doctrine of variety in their mode of living. "They have great variety at the same meals, and a great sameness at different meals." He observes that whenever the vegetables are distinguished for their excellence the dinner is always particularly enjoyed. He is as great an admirer of salad as the lady who would substitute it for flowers, but he regards it from a purely utilitarian point of view, and he would not have it upon the table one moment before it is wanted. "Excellent potatoes, smoking hot, and accompanied by melted butter of the finest quality, would alone stamp merit on any dinner." A foreigner who admired potatoes and melted butter as much as Walker did would have them served as a course by themselves, but Walker was too English to regard them otherwise than as an accessory to some kind of meat. A recent writer on English national characteristics has omitted to remark this curious devotion to the potato. We do not, it is true, live on potatoes simple as the Irish did as long as they could, but in the estimation of nineteen-twentieths of our population this vegetable is absolutely necessary to a dinner. Talk to poor people in a year of scarcity of rice or any other substitute for potatoes, and they will not understand you. Talk to your own servants on the same subject if you dare. It is irrelevant to remark that potatoes are dear and bad, for nobody can dine without potatoes.

A few of Walker's remarks are addressed to women, whom we regret to observe he calls "females." In this essential affair of dining, says he, they ought to be especially on their guard not to divert their views from realities to show, to which they have a strong propensity. He would prefer a service of plain white ware to plate or ornamented china. He is no friend to dessert. He prefers fruit at any other time of the day, and thinks it unwholesome from being unnecessary. Preserved fruits are injurious to digestion and confectionery still more so. Walker chose to dine only with agreeable people, and had never perhaps experienced an inclination to partake of wonderful pink and green structures as a diversion from insufferable twaddle. Desserts, Walker says, are instruments of show more than dinners, and though, unlike dinners, they cannot be spoiled by it, yet they are a temptation to excess. He thinks that the discreet host would set nothing before his guests except what they ought to take. The idea of using the dessert as an ornament throughout the dinner would have been put aside by him as only suitable for "females," nor would he have considered it less barbarous because it presented itself as Russian. In his view a dinner-table was a table to place dinner on, and nothing more. Economy was not the primary object with which he wrote, but we doubt whether any economical lady or gentleman has written so well on dinner-giving since. "Delicacies," he says, "are scarcely ever brought till they are quite superfluous, which is unsatisfactory if they are not eaten and pernicious if they are." Among the most wasteful modes of providing dinner was that which used to prevail at the students' tables in Lincoln's Inn Hall. On what was called "grand day" there would be for each mess of four men first a piece of boiled beef, on which an ignorant freshman might perhaps incautiously dine, and then a roast turkey. Walker could, we think, have written some forcible remarks on such a bill of fare. Indeed he observes, on an analogous case, that it would be better to serve woodcocks before the joint. At Lincoln's Inn, however, you could, if you knew of the turkey, reserve yourself for it, whereas we have heard of an old-fashioned lady who at a modern dinner-party reserved herself for the game, and consequently got almost no dinner at all. In the last century the hostess loaded her guests' plates again and again with the choicest parts, as Thackeray has described in the *Virginians*. Walker derived his ideas with modification from the same vigorous source. He had no idea of handing to a guest a bit of hare or pheasant no bigger than a half-crown. Beer, says Mr. Swiveller, cannot be tasted in a sip, and of a dish that is really fancied one would like more than a mouthful. The folly, as Walker calls it, of sending to London for turbot when the best trout is close at hand has now become almost universal. Yet we shall all admit the soundness of a remark on which we are certain not to act. "In general it is best to give strangers the best of the place. They are then the most sure to be pleased."

Walker describes a "choice plain dinner" which he gave in a friend's chambers in the Temple, where dinners are not often cooked or eaten nowadays when every man has his Club. The party were six in number, all accustomed to good living, and one of them habituated to one of the most celebrated tables in London. The dinner consisted of, first, spring soup from Birch's in Cornhill; then a moderate sized turbot, bought

in the City, beautifully boiled, with lobster-sauce, cucumber, and new potatoes; after that, ribs of beef from Leadenhall Market, roasted to a turn, and smoking from the spit, with French beans and salad; then a very fine dressed crab; and, lastly, some jelly. The owner of the chambers undertook specially to order the different articles, which could not have been exceeded in quality, and though the fish and beef were dressed by a Temple laundress, they could not have been better served. The dessert consisted only of oranges and biscuits, followed by anchovy toast. The wines were champagne, port, and claret. "State ornament and superfluity" were excluded, and we reluctantly infer that the only "female" who had anything to do with this dinner was the laundress who cooked it. The author never saw such a "vividness of conviviality" at or after dinner. Although we think our modern adviser far inferior to Walker, yet she makes some practical remarks. "As men rarely cheer up completely before they have finished their soup and fish, the hostess must especially exert herself at this time." If there are not vegetables enough to cover the table, she recommends a plate of rolls in napkins, which would look nice, and also be convenient. Walker would have joined in this recommendation, but exclusively for the latter reason. He calls some of his own dinners "herrings-and-hashed-mutton" entertainments; and if a recent writer is correct in representing hashed-mutton as a speciality of the English nation, Walker must have been, as indeed he was, thoroughly an Englishman. We will only add, as a matter of almost historical interest, that among the dinner-party in the Temple was Sir James Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger. Few people would think nowadays of inviting such a man to such a quiet, modest feast.

REVIEWS.

THE MISHMEE HILLS.*

IN the year 1868 the author of this work traversed the Chinese Empire from East to West, and made a bold attempt to enter Thibet and to establish a communication with India. How he was baffled in the neighbourhood of the town of Bathang, only two hundred miles from one of our frontier stations in Upper Assam, by the hostility of the priests, and how he had to retrace his steps, has been already told to the public. The present volume is the record of his adventures and efforts to get across from Assam, through frontier tribes and over high ranges of mountains, into Thibet. His leading idea is that, although the nature of the country precludes traffic between the two kingdoms on a large scale, a new market might be opened for the tea grown in Assam, if the Thibetans could be persuaded to rely on this latter country for their supplies, instead of on China. Impressed with this view Mr. Cooper came round from Shanghai to Calcutta, was introduced to Lord Mayo, and discussed the whole subject of a trade route overland with him and with the leading merchants of the Presidency. When it was quite clear that the Government could not, and indeed ought not, to lend Mr. Cooper its official sanction, or to spend any of its funds in such a venture, the sum requisite, being 600*l.*, was provided by the Chamber of Commerce; and towards the close of the hot season of 1870 Mr. Cooper started by rail and steamboat on his journey to the furthest station in the jungles of Upper Assam.

We confess to have read the opening chapters of this book with eagerness, and to have dropped it with some feeling of disappointment after perusing fifty pages. The author gives us his experiences of shooting tigers from a howdah, and of spearing hogs in the district of Maldah, now threatened with famine, and a brief account of the annual fair at Hurdwar, the place where the waters of the Ganges leave the mountains to be intercepted at Roorkee by the Solani aqueduct. Now such sporting adventures have been described, literally scores and hundreds of times, during the last century; and Mr. Cooper's experiences on the railway, on the back of an elephant, in the Assam steamer, or with free and easy hotel-keepers, are neither so striking nor so exceptional as to warrant publication. Enough, too, has been published about the Ganges Canal. Then, again, this book is an example of the danger of a traveller outstepping his own province and entering the region of historical inquiry or political discussion. Nothing can be better than Mr. Cooper's manner of describing how he catered and cooked and encamped in the forest, or how he conquered the reserve of a suspicious savage chief. But some of his remarks on the history and administration of Assam are superficial, and nothing can be more crude than his censures of the Indian Government because it thought fit to interpose its authority for the protection of the natives against the possibility of oppression by the tea-planters. Mr. Cooper is certainly correct in saying that a race of princes termed Ahoms conquered Assam some centuries ago; that the country was ruined by civil wars at the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of this century; that, when the reigning sovereign asked for our intervention in 1793, we sent a certain energetic Captain Welsh, who, with little more than a regiment of Sepoys, cleared the country of freebooters, and drove back a troublesome set of people called Muttocks; and that the Burmese invaded the province in 1821, and were not expelled until the end of the first Burmese war in 1826. But Mr. Cooper makes no

* *The Mishmee Hills: an Account of a Journey made in an Attempt to Penetrate Thibet from Assam to open New Routes for Commerce.* By T. T. Cooper, F.R.G.S. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

mention at all of the Mahomedan conquest of Assam, effected by Amir-Jumla, one of the most capable of the lieutenants of Aurungzebe, or of our unlucky attempt to try what government by natives would be like, when, in 1833, we made over Upper Assam to a Rajah named Porendra Sing. This puppet could neither pay tribute, nor manage his subjects, nor ensure order, and we very soon had to abandon the experiment, which Lord William Bentinck, in a moment of weakness foreign to his character, had been induced to sanction. As regards the cultivation of tea, the encouragement to English capitalists, and the legislative measures which the Government of India deemed indispensable for the protection of immigrant native labourers, Mr. Cooper has clearly heard only one side of the story. That Assam has a rich and, in some places, a virgin soil; that the discovery of the indigenous tea-plant there gave hopes, since realized, of the successful cultivation and manufacture of tea; that the abundance of waste lands rendered it possible for Englishmen to acquire at a moderate cost something like that complete ownership of the soil which high prices, a teeming population, and complicated revenue systems rendered impossible in our older provinces; and that it is good and sound policy to invite energetic and vigorous Englishmen to build houses, own lands, take root, and become centres of social strength and activity in our Indian possessions, is all perfectly true. But when Mr. Cooper thinks that the tea-planters ought to have been allowed to "procure labour in their own way, consistent with justice to the labourer," and when he taxes Indian statesmen with destroying progress by listening to unjust reports of cruelty, he evinces a complete misapprehension of the real history of our protective legislation, and hastily disposes of one of the most difficult of all the political problems which a high-minded and impartial statesman is constantly called on to face. In 1861, from certain causes, tea-plantations in Assam became the rage. The officials were few; the districts large; the province comparatively remote from head-quarters. Independently of acts of cruelty and tyranny which, though isolated, were quite unprovoked, and might be repeated, the Indian Government could not, without a gross abandonment of its duty, allow Englishmen to overrun a province and encourage natives to supply them with labour, and yet not take decisive measures against abuses. It is an old story, that of Oriental labour toiling for English capital, of European vigour impressing Asiatic indolence, of a subject race directed by strong, energetic men who never for a moment forget that they belong to the ruling caste, the White Brahmins of the East. Government is just as much bound to protect coolie labourers in tea-gardens as it is to see that natives can travel unmolested everywhere in third-class railway carriages, or that Mussulmans and Hindoos do not, during festivals, cut each other's throats at Delhi or Lucknow.

It is a pleasure to turn from Mr. Cooper's hasty strictures on the Indian Government to his straightforward, unpretending, and yet impressive account of his own hardships and adventures. As a record of endurance, tact, decision, and mastery over crafty or suspicious savages, it must take a high rank even in days when most of the mysteries of Africa have been solved. Our regret is that the main object of the explorer was not attained. Mr. Cooper's plan was, to all appearance, very feasible and simple. He had to make friends of a tribe called Khamtees, to be sent on by them to the Mishmis, over a wooded range of mountains, and somehow to find his way into Thibet. For this he required an interpreter, some guides, and animals or men to carry his provisions. Mr. Cooper gives some very cogent and characteristic reasons for not taking an English friend or associate with him in such expeditions. In a party of three or four tastes are sure to differ. The scientific surveyor wishes to push on. The geologist, on the contrary, lags behind to examine the strata. The naturalist starts off at a tangent to pursue a strange bird or insect. The trader leaves the jungles and looks out for the inhabited parts of the country. Quarrels and disagreements arise. A solitary individual consults his own wishes, has less baggage to carry, and succeeds better with the wild men of the woods. Mr. Cooper, however, forgets that, in sickness or danger, one Englishman can nurse or protect the other. But we fully admit that he has made out, in theory and in practice, a capital case of his own.

On the 20th of October, when the tremendous deluges of the rainy season had ceased, the explorer set out to beard in his own village the young chief of the Khamtees, named Chowmam, whom he had never seen but once, and whom his interpreter and native attendants regarded with the dismay with which Andrew Fairservice, when attached to Frank Osbaldiston, looked on Rob Roy and the Highlands. The description of this man's personal appearance, his hauteur and intelligence, his fine eyes, Roman nose, and firm-set mouth, is very graphic; but he succumbed to Mr. Cooper's admirable tactics and two or three glasses of gin. Some other difficulties had to be got over, but eventually everything was made smooth, and though the knives of the Khamtees were ready on the smallest provocation to leap from their scabbards, the unprotected Englishman made himself respected, admired, and almost loved. The Khamtees lodged him in the quarters set apart for bachelors, as distinguished from a place which, from innate ideas of propriety, is reserved exclusively for the unmarried of the other sex. They got up night fishing on a grand scale, by torchlight, in his honour. The most aged of the elders of the village commended him to the care of Chowmam in a speech which, for point and condensation, might have been delivered by a Spartan to a delegate of the Persian monarch. And so the party set out through the shades of a forest so lofty that they never suffered from heat, though destined to

undergo very serious hardships from the climate and its pests, and from scantiness of supplies. At one place they were nearly charged by a herd of *shittou*, described as a cross between a buffalo and a bull, and fiercer than the rhinoceros. As the supplies of the party, never very ample, decreased, they were reduced to live on a species of water-beetle, exuding "a liquid resembling walnut juice, of a strong but not unpleasant odour"; on the seed of the sago palm, mixed with beeswax and "unpalatable"; on a few tiny fish, stewed with yam leaves; on thin chickens, and bleeding pork; and on a mess called *pobossa*, which we make out to be composed of rice grown in the hills, and very sandy and gritty. To the inconveniences of short commons must be added the bites of leeches which festered, repeated attacks of fever, inflamed ancles, and enlargement of the spleen. But nothing could wear out the pluck of the one solitary Englishman. Chowmam, it must be admitted, behaved capitally, refused to endanger the life entrusted to him or to take Mr. Cooper near a clan whose chief had murdered two missionaries, and marched him into the country of the Degaroo Mishmis. But here unforeseen impediments were met. A chief named Poso was extortionate and inhospitable, and roused the pride of the Khamtee leader, while matters were scarcely improved by the conduct of a negro of the retinue, who got drunk, insulted the Mishmi women, and flourished a revolver. Between this Poso and another chief named Kaysong, and then a third one, Bowsong, head of a tribe of Meju Mishmis, the plot began to thicken; and after some shuffling and subterfuge it transpired that the Chinese or Thibetan authorities at Roemah in Thibet had fully made up their minds to have nothing to do with commercial travellers, and if necessary to drive them back by force. In vain was Chowmam plied with pipes and promises of five hundred rupees; in vain were appeals made to Samsang and Nhatsong. Bowsong the mighty explained to the stranger the customs of the tribe in respect of marriage and burial, and celebrated the New Year by slaughtering a yak in honour of Queen Victoria; but no one had the means or the will to annul the Thibetan edict. So, with baffled hopes and weakened frame, Mr. Cooper retraced his steps to Sudiya. But it is quite clear that, instead of getting us into another little war, or leaving discontent and irritation behind him, he has conciliated two important tribes, while he has added considerably to our knowledge of those unknown regions, and has shown it to be possible for an Englishman, without official prestige or protection, to impress savages by skill in handling weapons and by sheer force of character. One of Mr. Cooper's maxims deserves especial recommendation for all who may have to negotiate with savages. If you understand the dialect spoken, be not too ready to own it. On the contrary, use an interpreter, so as to gain time. While the latter is translating what you already know the purport of, you will be able to form your resolutions and to frame your reply. Next to prowess and hardihood, nothing seems to take such a hold on the imagination of unlettered savages as dignified, sententious oratory, or happy repartee. Mr. Gladstone in this point would have no chance with Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Cooper gives us one or two specimens of his conferences, from which a Cabinet Minister might take a lesson in answering a deputation or confuting a troublesome questioner at the hustings. Parts of the country explored by Mr. Cooper were visited by two adventurous young officers, Lieutenants Wilcox and Burlton, so far back as 1825. And about 1826 Captain Bedford went a good way up the Brahmaputra, and the latter officer reached the spot known as the Brahmakund or "well of Brahma," described by Mr. Cooper at p. 180. Hindu legends say that one of their mythical heroes, Parasurama, opened here a passage for the river by cutting the hills with a blow of his axe. Hence the place is known locally as Brahmakund, or as Dev Pani, "The Water of the God," or as Prabhu Kathar, "The Lord's Axe." Mr. Cooper says that he was disappointed with the view, as he had expected to find a gloomy gorge with the river forming a large lake. Instead of this he saw only a tiny rill falling into a deep reservoir, and banks not more than two hundred feet high. Earlier reports are couched in more laudatory terms, but probably a great deal is to be ascribed to first impressions and to the remoteness of the spot. But no difference of opinion about romantic scenery will prevent Mr. Cooper from taking a high rank amidst the venturesome pioneers of foreign exploration, and no Englishman will read the last two hundred pages of his travels without high approbation of the temper which is never ruffled, and the fortitude which never fails under disappointment and defeat.

BLUNT'S DICTIONARY OF SECTS.*

UNDER the head of "Heresiologists" the compilers of this Dictionary pass in somewhat contemptuous review a host of writers who have treated of their subject before them. One of these is a certain Evans (A.D. 1827), whose *Sketch of the Various Denominations of the Christian World* is pronounced to be "a work of the most flimsy character," based upon "authorities of no value," "yet perhaps the most popular book of its kind." We have not seen that little volume for many a year, but Mr. Blunt and his colleagues would have done well to mark one of its special features which we well remember, and to which no doubt it owed the de-

* *Dictionary of Sects, Heresies, Ecclesiastical Parties, and Schools of Religious Thought.* Edited by the Rev. John Henry Blunt, M.A., F.S.A., Editor of the "Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology" and the "Annotated Book of Common Prayer," &c., &c. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1874.

gree of public favour formerly accorded to it. The author, himself, we believe, a Unitarian, managed to procure and insert in their proper places statements relating to the tenets and peculiar practices of other sects and communions, drawn up by members of the several denominations which he undertook respectively to describe. Such a plan, as hardly need be said, has obvious inconveniences of its own, but it furnishes at any rate a powerful antidote to that vulgar prejudice and unchristian scorn which even in reverential hands are wont to be engendered by the very nature of an undertaking like this, and which perhaps have seldom been brought into more painful prominence than in this bulky and, in many respects, useful compilation. Evans himself, we suspect, could hardly have put forth an article at once more flimsy and unbecoming than the following on the

COGELERS.—A set of teetotallers having their origin at Kirdford in Sussex, and also known as "Copers." A man named Sirgood was the first teacher of the sect, the chief characteristic of which is Antinomianism, its members considering themselves (but not being so considered by their neighbours) to be incapable of committing sin. They are said to have a "Book of Cope," in imitation probably of the Mormons.

This is literally all. The date of the sect's origin, their numbers, the meaning of their strange name, the character and contents of their book, are matters deemed unworthy of notice. All we are told is that they think better of themselves than they can persuade their neighbours to think of them; no unusual case surely with sect or party, heretical or other.

We have not met with many notices scattered through this volume at once so defective and so flippant as the above, but a little of this kind of thing is too much, and wherever modern and surviving sects are concerned, it is easy to note an utter lack of that breadth of view and dispassionate judgment which the occasion demands. Mr. Blunt, we suppose, would not object to be regarded as an English Churchman, rather of the Catholic than of the Protestant school—the school of Andrewes and of Bramhall, if not of Laud; yet the writer of the ten lines on "Anglicans" complains of this party as "inheriting" some of that narrowness and want of sympathy by which the seventeenth-century divines were characterized in their dealings with foreign Churches and with Dissenters at home. "The Ritualistic movement" is still less to the taste of the writer of "High Churchmen." "There was much," he says, "to provoke opposition in the ritual adopted by this younger school of Ritualists—very inferior in learning to their predecessors—for it was chiefly copied from modern Continental customs, and was mixed up with a sentimentalism about candles and flowers, as well as with an excessive minuteness in regard to postures and gestures, which made it easy to charge the school with trifling and want of manliness." Of the Low Churchmen, again, we are told that "no high literary power was ever developed under the wing of the party. The good that was done by the Evangelical school in reviving personal religion was largely counterbalanced by the recklessness by which they neglected education both among the clergy and the laity. . . . The Evangelical clergy entirely failed to guide the intellect of the country in their sermons." But the "Broad Churchmen," the disciples, not of Arnold and Maurice only, but of Whately and even of Archdeacon Hare, fare so badly that we must relate their sad case at length:—

BROAD CHURCHMEN.—A modern school of latitudinarians, composed of those clergy and laity of the Church of England who dissent from the principles developed during the revival of exact theological learning. The designation "Broad" has been assumed as expressive of the comprehensiveness which the theology of this school offers to men of various opinions; but it is scarcely a fitting designation, as well-defined opinions of a positive kind are not included. The most distinctive characteristic of the Broad Church school is, in reality, its rejection of traditional beliefs, and the substitution in their place of what has been aptly called a "Negative Theology," in which much is doubted and rejected, and very little believed.

For our present purpose it matters little whether all these off-hand judgments are true or false in the main. They are wholly out of place where we find them, and can do little good anywhere, we should imagine. In discussing schools of thought within the English Church, however, Mr. Blunt's contributors bring to their task, if not a profound or even thoughtful appreciation of principles, at any rate a competent acquaintance with patent facts. When we turn to their articles on the various Nonconformist societies, we cannot fail to be impressed at once with the meagreness of the information supplied, as well as with the utter want of sympathy even with the better features of the respective systems. Of course these societies are all involved in the guilt of schism, as "wilfully cutting themselves off from the apostolical succession of bishops by which the organic unity of the Church is maintained within the boundaries of a state and nation" (p. 524). Those who use this work have no right to complain of it for upholding a theory which is at all events intelligible and self-consistent, though to some the inferences derived from it may seem a little bold and comprehensive. "Organized schisms have been formed in England by the Roman Catholics and by the various sects of Protestant Dissenters, in Scotland by the Presbyterians, and in Ireland as in England by the Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters" (*ibid.*). Our complaint against Mr. Blunt is that, if he deems it worth his while to publish a Dictionary of such sects, he ought to have taken care to have learnt a little more about them. The Baptists, for example, are an important and influential sect, yet the account of their history overlooks the most eloquent of their preachers, Robert Hall, who would have been an honour to any communion, and speaks of Mr. Spurgeon only to compare him with the wretched

William Huntington, S.S. (p. 206). We are no great admirers of the oracle of the Newington Tabernacle, but it is impossible to glance at a single page of his reported sermons without discovering in the man a force of mind and readiness of wit enough to show that he owes his enduring popularity to somewhat higher qualities than an iron voice and brazen forehead. To Methodism an elaborate article is devoted, wherein the logical contradiction between John Wesley's Church principles and actual practice is naturally and justly set forth, but one great characteristic of his system, the revival, is barely, if at all, noticed. It is because the modern Wesleyan has seen too much of the ill effects of mere physical excitement in religion, and thus has learnt to distrust the spasmodic enthusiasm which revivals engender, that the Society has entered upon that period of incipient decay which the Dictionary duly notices. The more educated members of the body grow ashamed of them, and return quietly to the Church of their fathers; the illiterate or untrained feel a thirst for something which in the Wesleyan body can be found no longer, and join other communities whose tone and spirit are more congenial to their own. Hence the Bryanites (on whom the Dictionary spends just one-third of a column) have largely superseded the parent Society in the West of England, and will no doubt eventually occupy much more of the ground once covered by it. The schism in which the Reformed Methodists took their rise is not grounded in the nature of things like that just mentioned, but sprang from an act of mere wanton tyranny on the part of the ruling Hundred in Conference, who imposed upon three of their own members a solemn declaration that they were not the authors of certain anonymous pamphlets which severely criticized the policy and proceedings of the majority, and, on their refusing the test, visited the offenders with summary expulsion. We respectfully commend their vigorous action to the imitation of that energetic prelate, the Bishop of Durham. It would be easy to notice many other instances in which slight or inaccurate information must inevitably disappoint a reader who may consult this volume in the hope of learning the tenets and actual condition of English sects. The "Plymouth Brethren," or disciples of Messrs. J. N. Darby and William Kelly, are dealt with far too slightly, though the animosity and bitterness which disgrace their internal dissensions can hardly be exaggerated (p. 433). More justice, yet not at all too much, is done to the Quakers, though it is hard to see how any of George Fox's descendants can survive at Falmouth (p. 469) or anywhere else, when we remember that his wife must have been nearly sixty when she married him.

But our chief complaint against Mr. Blunt's volume affects rather its general plan and treatment than its details, however much these may be susceptible of improvement. On his title-page he touches the key-note of his composition by means of two short mottoes—"Let both grow together until the harvest," and Hilary's famous dictum, "Lis eorum fides nostra est." The three pages which follow contain "A Classified Table of the Principal Contents"; and a fourth page exhibits a "Genealogy of English Church Parties, and of the Chief English Sects," wherein the "Unitarian Sect, A.D. 1719," figures as one of the children of the "Puritan or Presbyterian Party of Reformation age." These tables, and a rather poor Index at the end of the work, are the only guides the Editor thinks necessary before an inexperienced reader plunges into the forest of controverted matter which he has crowded into his Dictionary, arranged, of course, in the accidental order of the letters of the alphabet. We cannot understand why Mr. Blunt should have had so little consideration for those whom he is evidently anxious to instruct. A fair acquaintance with "Schools of Religious Thought," which must needs include a description of sectarian dogmas which are mutually contradictory, is a necessary part of all mental cultivation, yet it is dangerous enough to some minds, to others repulsive in the highest degree. A few broad general principles which might furnish the young student with a clue for threading the intricate labyrinths of human speculation, a few precepts which might inculcate candour and moderation in forming our judgment, without tempting us to doubt the existence of objective truth, might easily have been worked into a preface or introduction, wherein the private opinions and idiosyncrasies of the editor might have been expressed freely and without censure. It is the more to be regretted that this course was not adopted inasmuch as Mr. Blunt has on his staff some writers who might have performed the task satisfactorily enough, so far as literary skill and temperate judgment are concerned. The article on Spinoza, for instance, is admirably written. It is an attempt to extract out of obscure and dubious propositions the great principle on which all true philosophy must rest, the firm belief in an individual and a personal God. If the author of that notice is not utterly mistaken, Benedict Spinoza has been utterly misunderstood by nearly every one who has attempted to reduce his speculations to a system. "It has been sometimes doubted," writes the calm and impartial Hallam, "whether the Spinozistic philosophy excludes altogether an infinite intelligence. That it rejected a moral providence or creative mind is manifest in every proposition. His deity could at most be but a cold passive intelligence, lost to our understandings and feelings in its metaphysical infinity. It was not, however, in fact so much as this." Spinoza's champion in this Dictionary, on the other hand, constructs what he calls a "Spinozistic Creed" of a widely different complexion, annexing to every statement or article a reference to his published writings. The pure, the modest, the self-denying life of the philosopher, by birth a Jew, by choice or fortune a poor scholar, must incline every generous mind to hope

that the more charitable view of his scheme is the true one. We subjoin in full this so-called creed:—

I believe in one Infinite and Undivided God, Eternal, Unchangeable, existing and acting by the sole necessity of his nature; of Infinite attributes, whereof two only are capable of being conceived by man—Extension and Thought, whereof he himself is the identity; of all things the free cause, immanent not transient; in whom all things consist, and without whom nothing can exist or be conceived: by whom all things are made; not truly by design or for the sake of any end, contingently, of free will or absolute well-pleasing, but predetermined or following necessarily from the absolute nature or infinite power of God.

Of which world is Man, whose consciousness is the base of all certitude, in which whatsoever is clearly perceived is true, and exists objectively in nature; whose will is not free, but necessary or constrained; whose acts and desires alone are good, so far as they are defined by reason; and whose salvation, liberty, and beatitude consisteth, not in the reward of virtue but in the virtue itself whereby affections are restrained, and in the constant and eternal knowledge and love of God; whose worship by man consists in the exercise of obedience, charity, and justice. I believe in the communion and fellowship of all men so far as they are led by reason, and in the eternity of the mind.

But the simple story of Spinoza's last hours will bring before us the real man better than all these abstract metaphysics:—

On the Sunday on which he died he would not allow his host and hostess to stay from divine service to wait on him, particularly as it was their purpose to partake of the Holy Communion. . . . When asked by his landlady respecting her religion, he replied, "Your religion is a good one, you ought not to seek another, nor doubt that yours will procure you salvation, if you add to your piety the virtues of domestic life." Waiting patiently, on their return from service, he talked with them after a friendly sort about the sermon, and presently settling into a calm, expired in peace.

There are, no doubt, many articles in this volume as interesting and as exhaustive as that on "Spinoza," especially such as treat of subjects which border on the region that separates philosophy from religious faith. Much labour also has evidently been bestowed on the ancient heresies, especially on those relating to the mystery of the Holy Trinity. But, taken as a whole, we cannot help regarding the Dictionary as executed very unequally, those parts which refer to modern sects or controversies being both in tone and substance incomparably the least valuable. What, for example, can be in much worse taste than the article on the "Irvingites," with its perpetual imputation of interested motives to those who were most conspicuously mixed up with that strange delusion? That shrewd men of the world like Henry Drummond should have yielded credence to the utterances of the hysterical sisterhood is matter enough in itself for grief and wonder, without our being incessantly reminded that one of them was a poor farm drudge, and another a governess. Mr. Blunt may perhaps remember that there was a period in the history of Christianity itself wherein it could be said that the foolish and the weak and the base things of the world had been chosen to confound the mighty and the wise. We do not imagine that Mrs. Oliphant has much sympathy with the sect to which poor Edward Irving's wandering intellect gave birth; yet in how widely different a temper does she speak of the intellectual degradation of his closing years.

One of the critics who reviewed a previous compilation published by Mr. Blunt was pleased to call it "a box of tools for a working clergyman"; and indeed, if such volumes as the present have any well-grounded reason for their existence, it must be for the daily use of such of our spiritual teachers as, scattered throughout country villages, have no ready access to original sources of information. It is right, therefore, that these persons should be informed that the tools which have been placed within their reach are edged tools, very likely to wound those who use them without care and circumspection. A slovenly and ill-considered compilation, such as on the whole we must pronounce this Dictionary to be, is at once a discredit to English theological learning and a direct hindrance and discouragement to better scholars, who might otherwise have been tempted to undertake and carry to its completion the same task at once more thoroughly, more accurately, and in a spirit of less glaring partiality.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.*

UNDER the not very significant title of *Threading my Way*, Mr. Robert Dale Owen, the son of the well-known Socialist, has been publishing a series of autobiographical articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*. They are now collected in a volume which records Mr. Owen's recollections of the first twenty-six years of his life. In America Mr. Owen has made some political reputation; in England he is perhaps chiefly known as one of the most prominent retailers of the marvels of Spiritualism. In this volume, however, there is little reference either to the Spiritualism or to the politics—a fact which certainly does not diminish its interest. Mr. Owen indeed has written a very pleasant little book. The style is simple and fresh, and his memories of early life bring before us some curious scenes from a state of society which already strikes us as very quaint and old-fashioned. Mr. Owen was born at New Lanark, the scene of his father's first and most successful social experiment in 1801. He gives us many anecdotes pleasantly significant of the relations between his father and the artisans over whom for many years he exercised a beneficial sway. The success indeed which the elder Owen obtained appears to have turned his head. He was a self-made man who had

started in London with little more than the proverbial half-crown; and who had not only made a fortune, but become a philanthropist of European celebrity by the time he reached middle life. The visitors to Lanark came from all parts of the world and included men of the highest rank and reputation. Mr. Owen fills a page with a list of eminent statesmen and thinkers who had shown more or less interest in his schemes. All the reformers and economists of the day, such as the whole school of Bentham, Clarkson, Cobbett, Wilberforce, Zachary Macaulay, Brougham, Mackintosh, and others were amongst his acquaintance. Imperial and royal guests had come from Russia and Germany. When he visited Paris, he was invited to a seat in the French Academy; and he was introduced to La Place, Humboldt, Pestalozzi, Madame de Staël, and a number of other celebrities. Certainly, for a poor Welsh shopboy, he had done well.

The story of his rise is briefly repeated by his son with some fresh anecdotes. The original proprietor of the mills at New Lanark was David Dale. He had entered into partnership with Arkwright in order to enjoy the advantage of the great invention to which the cotton-manufacture owed its first rise. Arkwright came to Scotland to see the mills, and at the first view expressed the highest satisfaction with the choice of the site. One thing alone struck him as not being all that could be wished. The factory bell was hung in a cupola at one end of the buildings. Arkwright said that it ought to have been in the middle. Dale stuck to his point, and said that a man must be blind not to see that the bell was in its proper place. The dispute became so warm that each of the partners swore that he would have nothing to do with a man so obstinate and wrong-headed as the other. The end of it was, that Dale and Arkwright went back to Lanark and dissolved partnership that night, Dale remaining sole proprietor of the village and mills. Sixteen years later Robert Owen came to Scotland on business and fell in love with Dale's daughter. Her father did not consider him to be a suitable match; till he persuaded some capitalists who had confidence in his abilities to buy the mills of New Lanark and set him up as manager. He then married Miss Dale, and afterwards became the chief proprietor of the business. Robert Dale Owen, the eldest child of the marriage, was born in 1801, and brought up in strict Presbyterian principles. His father, though a thoroughgoing sceptic, was tolerant in his family, and young Owen accepted his mother's creed. As he grew into boyhood, he began to suspect that his father's orthodoxy was not as strict as could be desired. He accordingly resolved to convert his parent to the true faith. He carefully prepared a conclusive refutation of the supposed heresies, and opened proceedings by asking his father one day whether he believed in the divinity of Christ. The father replied in the Socratic method by asking the son whether he had ever heard of the Mahomedans? The statistical fact gradually dawned upon the young zealot that the Protestants, to whom alone he conceded the name of Christian—the Pope, of course, being Antichrist in Scotland—were a small numerical minority in the world. Having previously imagined that the whole human race, with a few insignificant and wicked exceptions, were rigid believers in the doctrines of Knox, he was completely staggered by this discovery. His father's conversion had to be postponed; and, indeed, it was not a very hopeful undertaking. He was a thorough unbeliever of the school of Godwin or Bentham; and, unfortunately for him, his unbelief was by no means of the purely negative order. On the contrary, he founded upon it some very positive and erroneous dogmas, which led to the ultimate ruin of himself and of his schemes for the regeneration of humanity. It was in 1817 that he announced to the world the principles which were to lead to this desirable consummation. He held three public meetings in the London Tavern. Public attention had been warmly excited by the first two; he had had an interview with Lord Liverpool, who received him most graciously, and said that he might make any use he pleased of the names of various members of the Cabinet short of implicating the Government. Lord Liverpool, we may imagine, had but a very vague notion of what was to come. The newspapers had remarked, it appears, on the absence of any reference to religious questions in the first two meetings. Owen thereupon took a resolution, which he carefully concealed from everybody else in order that he might be alone responsible; and this resolution was nothing less than, in his own words, "to renounce and reject all the religions of the world." This was a pretty programme for a great social reformer addressing a crowded audience of philanthropists and enthusiasts of all characters. He declared to the meeting that human progress was chiefly arrested by the "gross errors underlying every religion that has hitherto been taught to man." We do not know how this announcement was received at the moment. Owen, however, had no notion of reticence in any shape. He bought thirty thousand copies of the newspapers which appeared on the days succeeding each of his lectures. He printed forty thousand copies of each lecture in pamphlet form. He spent upon the printing and posting of these documents four thousand pounds in two months; and the London mails, we are told, were delayed twenty minutes beyond their usual time by the press of the matter which they had to carry. It is not wonderful that after this proceeding a good many of his respectable supporters drew back, and that he became a notorious instead of a celebrated character, though the days of actual martyrdom were passed. It was not, however, until 1825 that he purchased the village of Harmony, near the Ohio River, previously colonized by a commu-

* *Threading my Way*. By Robert Dale Owen. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

nity of Rappists. Thither Robert Dale Owen accompanied his father and tried the experiment which, as is well known, was a speedy and complete failure, and involved the ruin of its founder.

Meanwhile, however, young Owen had various experiences of a different kind, of which some interesting anecdotes are given in this volume. He was sent to school at the age of sixteen at the college founded by Fellenberg in the village of Hofwyl near Berne. Fellenberg was one of the chief educational reformers of those days, and his school was an embodiment of various novel theories. The most characteristic peculiarity was that Fellenberg resorted to the principle of self-government amongst his pupils. There were about a hundred students of ages varying from fifteen to twenty-three. They obeyed a constitution drafted by a select committee from their own body, adopted by vote, and approved by Fellenberg. The professors had no authority except in the classrooms, and the self-imposed laws were enforced with little difficulty by means of public opinion. There were no prizes, and competition was discouraged by the whole system of the place. Such an experiment tried upon a heterogeneous collection of lads from all quarters of Europe might be pronounced dangerous; but, if we may take Mr. Owen's word for it, it was a triumphant success. Indeed, his memory of the general harmony, good-will, and high moral tone of the college, paints it in such glowing colours that he is forced to make various protestations of his sincerity and accuracy. The only remark which he makes of anything but a most eulogistic tendency is that the standard of learning did not reach a very high point; and he admits that this may have been partially due to the absence of artificial stimulants. We think it very probable, and it must be admitted that such a confession is a considerable drawback from praises of an educational institution. The secret of the admirable preservation of discipline is given in another significant remark. The great days of the college, he tells us, ended with Fellenberg's life; under the inefficient management of his son it dwindled down to be an ordinary boarding-school. In fact, we have no doubt that a man of strong character, and of a capacity for influencing youth, can dispense in the management of a college with many of the disciplinary regulations which are found necessary elsewhere. The personal influence of Fellenberg was doubtless the true secret of whatever success was obtained, although he preferred to exercise it indirectly without the ordinary apparatus for enforcing order and diligence.

Robert Dale Owen returned to New Lanark, after having more or less fallen in love with a charming young German girl on his way. He had not been long in his parents' house before he fell desperately in love with a girl who was the daughter of one of the foremen, and was then of the ripe age of ten. Her age and her social position were both unfavourable to an immediate declaration of his passion, even in a household the head of which professed to be guided so little by the ordinary social conventions. Mr. Owen, however, who descants with much enthusiasm upon the charms of the very youthful object of his affections, contrived a plan which reminds him of the author of *Sandford and Merton*. Day, as is well known, educated a wife for himself with very indifferent success. Mr. Owen, with more judgment, persuaded his sister to adopt Jessie—that was the young lady's name—and bring her up in the family. As she grew, Mr. Owen's passion strengthened. He went to America, but he never forgot Jessie, who had stayed in Scotland. Two years afterwards he returned, as devoted as ever, and resolved to make his mother a confidante of his passion. In compliance with her entreaties, Jessie being still only fifteen or sixteen, he promised to wait for three years before making an avowal. With great difficulty he refrained from saying anything to his beloved, even during a certain walk through the woods, when, as appeared from a subsequent confession, Jessie would have accepted him had he taken courage. His promise to his mother, however, restrained him; and he returned to America for his three years of probation. The story, which is very pleasantly told, ought obviously to end by a statement that after the three years he gained the reward of his prolonged fidelity. But Mr. Owen is writing a biography and not a novel, and therefore has to make the confession that Jessie, during the three years, married somebody else and, so far as appears, lived very happily ever afterwards. He saw her once during her married life, and she made to him the confession already noticed, and told him that they had better break off all communication for the future. The proposal was accepted, and Mr. Owen does not know at the present time whether she is dead or alive. He is obliged to content himself by adding an anecdote of a young gentleman in Ireland who fell in love with his nurse, eighteen years older than himself, and when he came of age insisted upon marrying her, and forced the consent of his parents by nearly dying of a slow fever.

In the course of his early life Mr. Owen became acquainted with various distinguished people, and has a few characteristic anecdotes. He saw Lafayette shortly before the Revolution of 1830, and received from him some curious stories about Washington. He made acquaintance with George Combe, with L. E. L., and with other minor celebrities. Perhaps his most interesting passage is an account of a dinner with Bentham; and we will conclude by quoting the characteristic blessing with which the old philosopher dismissed him. "God bless you," said the venerable thinker—he was then nearly eighty—"if there be such a being; and, at all events, my young friend, take care of yourself."

GEIKIE'S GREAT ICE AGE.*

(Second Notice.)

THE correlation of evidences yielded by the geological investigation of the British Isles, Scandinavia, Northern Russia, and North America, tends to place it beyond doubt that the climatic conditions and the superficial aspect of those countries, whether simultaneously or not, were at a remote period identical with those presented by Greenland in our day. Switzerland, in some degree similar to them in respect of its abiding glacier system, has ceased to present a precise parallel, the glacial sheet having so shrunk as no longer to cover the level plains. Further proofs indicate a succession or alternation of climates with their accompanying geological changes. A milder temperature followed upon the extreme cold of the first and greatest Ice age. The glaciers retreated. From the melting ice masses, or *mers de glace*, large rivers flowed downwards to the sea, eroding and denuding the rocks and depositing river gravel and diluvium, which, as the climate became warmer, were interspersed with remains of animals which made their way northward from temperate and even sub-tropical zones—the elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus among them. A wide land surface, Mr. Geikie maintains, thickly overspread with forest, is proved to have existed by the deposits of Great Britain and their fossil contents, although in Scotland the only animal remains discovered have been those of water-rats and frogs. The freshwater beds of this period, he bids us at the same time remember, were at a later date submerged and remodelled by the action of the sea. It is a mistake, he urges, to maintain that no remains of the old land surface in England prior to such submergence still exist, or that there are no English river gravels that can be correlated with the lignite beds of Switzerland. Nor are the "middle sands" of Lancashire, as has been generally believed, the only representatives we have in England of the first pre-glacial epoch. On the contrary, our author brings forward manifold proofs that glacial or river gravels of that age do exist, and that they have been erroneously referred to post-glacial times. In a note of great value he accumulates proofs to the same effect from the river deposits of Switzerland and Piedmont, which have had the benefit of the judicious criticism of Signor Gastaldi. What gives the problem its great importance is its bearing upon the antiquity of man, with which we are here brought face to face. It is in these deposits that the earliest traces of man have been detected; and the question is whether, as has been generally believed by geologists, including Sir C. Lyell, these deposits are of post-glacial date. That they are not of this later date, but that they testify to the co-existence of man with the earliest or at least the intermediate stages of the great Ice age, is the main thesis of Mr. Geikie's work.

A broad gap has been established by archaeologists between the implements or weapons of the first and second Stone ages. Not only do the works of the first or palæolithic series differ from those of the neolithic period in point of finish or polish, but they are found in positions and at heights where those of neolithic make are never met with. Investigations of caves such as Kent's Cavern, near Torquay, have shown the existence of deposits in successive layers. Under blocks of fallen limestone, sometimes cemented together by stalagmite from the percolation of water holding carbonate of lime in solution, we come upon a thin layer of mould, and then upon stalagmite from one foot to five feet in thickness yielding remains of sub-tropical animals and a human jaw, below which is red cave-earth, five feet thick in parts, with more animal bones and neolithic implements. Beneath this is a floor of stalagmite in some places twelve feet thick, with bones of the cave-bear, and under it a bed of breccia and red loam, with remains of the cave-bear and implements of the palæolithic age. What time must we conceive to have elapsed during the deposition of this lowest stratum, and by what interval is it separated from the later age marked by works of the neolithic series? Certain remains of the Romano-British age have been found in the same cave covered with stalagmite nowhere exceeding six inches, this amount representing a lapse of nearly two thousand years. How long palæolithic man occupied these caves ere he left his final traces we cannot tell, but after these untold ages he disappeared for ever, and with him vanished many animals now locally, if not wholly, extinct. At all events, no gradual passage, but a break sharp and abrupt, however vast the interval of time it represents, is seen between the neolithic deposits and the underlying palæolithic accumulations.

A convergent series of proofs is supplied by certain river deposits, on which Mr. Geikie lays much stress. By the aid of a diagram from Sir John Lubbock's *Pre-Historic Times*, he makes clear the difference of level at which sundry of our present rivers and other streams now scarcely represented flowed in remote ages, as shown by the shelves or terraces of gravel and loam which denote successive levels of erosion. At heights far above the existing river bed are found among these deposits flint implements always of the palæolithic series, betokening the time when man lived at this height above the existing river level. The Thames during the palæolithic age had time to excavate its valley to a breadth of four miles and a depth of not less than a hundred feet. When palæolithic man lived in the South of England, the Isle of Wight formed part of the mainland, a range of chalk downs, at least six hundred feet in height, running east from the Isle of

* *The Great Ice Age, and its Relation to the Antiquity of Man.* By James Geikie, F.R.S.E., F.G.S., of H.M. Geological Survey of Scotland. London: Isbister & Co. 1874.

Purbeck, and joining on to the Needles. The bed of the present Solent was filled by a large river, in which the rivers that now traverse Dorset united with the Avon and the Stour, Southampton Water forming another affluent of the same great stream. The gravel bed of this ancient river is now found capping the cliffs of the mainland at heights ranging from fifty to one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea. A vast period must have intervened ere these rivers cut their way down to the present level, prior to which palæolithic man disappeared, a wide blank or hiatus separating his age from that of his neolithic successor.

No less marked than the successive types of men pointed out by the study of these caves and gravels are the groups of animals yielded by the respective deposits. Three great divisions or groups of mammalian remains have been recognized in the drift, representing Southern, Arctic, and Temperate species, and pointing to climatic conditions corresponding to as many zones of temperature. That changes of an extreme kind must have taken place in the climate of these islands would appear to be an irresistible conclusion. For that species so diverse could have lived side by side together is beyond our powers of conception. In the first, or sub-tropical group, we find the lion, the tiger, the spotted hyena, two extinct species of elephant and two of rhinoceros, an extinct tiger, *Felis cæffir*, and the hippopotamus. In the second, or Northern group, occur the glutton, the reindeer, the musk-sheep, the pouched marmot, the Alpine hare, the lemming, the extinct mammoth, and woolly rhinoceros. The third, or temperate group, comprises the bison, the great urus, the grizzly bear, the now extinct cave-bear and Irish elk, with the lynx, wild boar, wild cat, and beaver. The palæolithic deposit also yields remains of the panther, wolf, and fox—animals which bear more extreme vicissitudes of climate. How then are we to account for the presence in our islands of the denizens of such widely varying climes? The theory of strongly contrasted summers and winters during which extreme migrations of the fauna of Northern and Southern zones took place into Britain, joined as it probably was at the time to the Continent, is set aside by Mr. Geikie, although supported by the fact of the large annual migrations which are known to occur in Siberia and North America. With glaciers filling the mountain gorges in Scotland, the North of England, and Wales, and frost binding our rivers a great part of the year, could the hippopotamus find waters warm enough or fare of a sort and quantity to his liking? Could he brave the climate, even if protected, as some have conjectured, like the rhinoceros and mastodon, with a coat of hair or wool? To be sure large glaciers still exist in the Alps, and much greater ones fill the upper valleys of the Himalayas, yet the low grounds at their bases enjoy warm and genial climates. Such differences, however, exist between the geographical conditions of our country and each of those regions as to render nugatory any inference to be drawn from these considerations.

The difficulty is indeed one of the most arduous within the whole range of geological research, and it is not strange that Mr. Geikie's treatment of it leaves it still enveloped in doubt. He has indeed not a little encumbered himself by the assumption that no change of any consequence has taken place in the distribution of land and water, and in the consequent set or flow of oceanic and aerial currents within the period of the Ice age. The view relied on by Sir Charles Lyell and the school represented by him; that alternate groupings of land around the equator and the poles have been the chief cause of such extreme changes of climate, is set aside by him as both unsupported by evidence and inadequate in itself to explain the phenomena in question. He does indeed recognize the influence of the equatorial set from the Atlantic, known as the Gulf Stream, in mitigating the climate of these islands. But then this influence was, he holds, equally at work during the whole period of these mighty changes. Nor does he consider that much difference would be made by changes such as that of the Mediterranean forming dry land or (we may infer) Northern and mid Africa being under water. His speculations on the existing isothermal and isochimnal lines of Europe and Asia, connected with what he conjectures to have been the climatic conditions of former ages, lead him to the hypothesis of causes wholly beyond those of a geographical kind, exterior indeed to the earth itself. It is on the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, combined with the precession of the equinoxes, that Mr. Geikie eventually rests for the solution of the problem. Putting forward as he does the "calculations of astronomers" in proof that the position of the earth relatively to the sun some two hundred thousand years ago was such as to account for the Arctic state of the Northern hemisphere at large, we should have been glad to know what names eminent in astronomy have been appended to the hypothesis of Mr. Croll. We might further ask what proofs beyond the weight of their names the "eminent physicists and geographers" elsewhere spoken of have to adduce for the theory which forms part of the scheme of Mr. Geikie and Mr. Croll, that the great constant currents of the ocean, extending as they do in cases to four or five thousand miles in length, many hundreds of miles in width, and four or five miles in depth, are set in motion at the rate of four or five miles an hour all the year round by the trade winds rasping their surface for a few months in the year. That these currents, whether stirred by these periodical winds or by the direct action of solar heat, combined with the earth's rotation, have had a great deal to do with the climatic changes of our hemisphere, we are as much convinced as Mr. Geikie can be. The question is, whether they have

not had all or nearly all to do with them. Let us take the hemisphere as it exists now. In Greenland, our author has shown, we have before our eyes a counterpart of what Scotland, if not all England, was like according to the views of extreme glacialists. The southern point of Greenland comes down well within a degree of the latitude of the northern point of Scotland. What is needed to render possible the extension of the ice sheet, already coming down thus far, a few degrees further? Were not Greenland abruptly bounded by the sea, where could we pretend to limit its possible extension? And were but the configuration of our own seaboard other than it is—the Atlantic current away, and prevalent Polar winds taking its place, land coming down from the Pole to join our Northern region with Scandinavia—might not climatic effects ensue greater far than those due to any hypothetical change of three or four degrees in the inclination of the earth's axis, or to any extra freezing in apheleon winters? For alternations of temperature as extreme as any implied in the presence of Arctic and subtropic fauna within periods by no means remote, if not within the compass of an annual migration, we need look no further than to the United States of our day. The temperature of New York varies within the year to the full extent of 120°. It is not the degree of sunshine dependent upon latitude—which it shares with Naples—that causes this alternation of polar winters and equatorial summers; but the configuration of the earth at that particular zone, and the aerial currents which bring to it the accumulated climatic influences of the great centres or magazines of heat and cold. The British Isles, also occupying a mid position between these great generators of climate, doubtless owe to similar causes their present exemption from either extreme. There need at all events be no calling in of astronomical or cosmical revolutions to explain such phenomena as may be simply due to elevations or depressions which may not have amounted to many thousand feet, yet altering extensively the geographical area above the sea, and involving a corresponding change of direction in the warm oceanic and aerial currents. It must anyhow remain doubtful how far any calculations based upon the maximum ellipticity of the earth's orbit bringing round extreme Arctic conditions of our hemisphere in periods of 170,000, 260,000, and 160,000 years or the like can throw light upon the dates of the Glacial and Inter-glacial ages, and by inference upon the antiquity of man as a witness of these mighty changes—a fact set beyond much doubt by the human fibula found of late under the glacial clay of the Victoria Cave at Settle. It is at present, as Mr. Geikie himself would concede, premature to dogmatize upon a subject so new, so complex, and so little capable of direct and positive proof as the origin, the date, or the full extent of the glaciation of our hemisphere. He has, however, done good and permanent service in bringing together the latest and most authentic evidence bearing upon it, and his book will mark an epoch in the scientific study of the Ice age.

A CHRONICLE OF THE FERMORS.*

MR. ROGERS the poet, being questioned by a lady on the subject of several new books then lately published, professed his ignorance of their contents and quality. "Why, Mr. Rogers," said the lady, "you seem never to read any new books"; to which he made answer, "No, whenever a new book comes out I read an old one." A reader who adopted such a method nowadays would become very well acquainted with the standard literature of his country; he would also have the advantage of being able on occasions to acquire a certain knowledge of an old book by reading it in the disguise of a new one. Whether he would not do more wisely in going straight to the original is another question. It seems, however, that some writers, acting possibly on the poet's hint, have discovered an ingenious method of saving themselves, if not their readers, some trouble by going to an old book when they want to write a new one; a method which argues a laudable modesty and absence of overwhelming confidence in their own powers, but has little else to recommend it. It may be said also with some show of justice to look more like the pride that apes humility than true modesty, which should rather lead them to the belief that the old book is worth reading in its integrity and originality than to the notion that it can be bettered by their skill in dressing it up for modern taste. A little while ago we had occasion to speak of such an attempt to improve Boswell's *Johnson*, and here we have another specimen of the same class. Mr. Mahony has taken a set of incidents out of Horace Walpole's letters which are the main source of his inspiration, although he does not disdain to refer also to Mrs. Delany and other writers of the same time, and has strung them together with threads of dialogue, narrative, and reflection on his own part so as to make them into a kind of romance. He has in doing this reversed the usual attributes of a romance-writer, whose privilege it should be to make the creations of his mind seem like real living beings; here the author has made people who were real and living seem the creatures of invention. In proposing to himself the task of representing in a fiction founded on fact such personages as Horace Walpole, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lincoln, and many others whose names are to be found in Walpole's letters, the author undertook something far more difficult than the writing of a work

* *A Chronicle of the Fermors: Horace Walpole in Love.* By M. F. Mahony (Matthew Stradling), Author of "The Misadventures of Mr. Catlyne," &c. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Low, & Searle. 1873.

entirely inventive, although at first sight it may seem more easy. He has to contend with the difficulties of knowledge, tradition, and preconceived ideas on the part of his readers—difficulties so great that even the skill and power of Thackeray, in whose footsteps it is easy to see that Mr. Mahony hopes to follow, did not always avail to overcome them. He had not the hardihood to encounter them face to face, as the chronicler of the *Fermors* has done; the interest in *Emond* and *The Virginians* centred in the fictitious, not the historical, characters. Thackeray, too, had the spirit and the style of the period which he described at his fingers' ends; and it may be safely asserted that, had he taken upon himself to describe a conversation between Lady Pomfret and George Selwyn before dinner at Easton Neston, Lord Pomfret's place in the country, he would not have put so thoroughly modern a word as "aesthetic" into Lady Pomfret's mouth.

The story which Mr. Mahony has strung together out of Horace Walpole's letters is not of a sufficiently exciting character in itself to afford any valid reason for its reproduction in such a form. It is merely the history of Lady Pomfret's desires and efforts to secure for her daughter, Lady Sophia Fermor, an alliance with Lord Lincoln, with the prospect of becoming Duchess of Newcastle, her failure to carry out this praiseworthy intention, and a brief summary of what befel the various persons of the story afterwards. It is such a story as may be made interesting by force of a writer's knowledge of character and cleverness in fitting ordinary incidents together as the pieces of a map are fitted; wanting the adjuncts with which such a writer might clothe its outline, it appears bare and poverty-stricken. There is a want of energy in the progress of the story, a want of life in the characters. Lord Lincoln, for instance, one of the chief movers of events, was, according to the chronicler's account of him, a young gentleman of marvellous inconsistency. He is described as he pays his farewell visit to Lady Pomfret, when, suddenly recalled from Florence by his uncle the Duke, he leaves the place without saying anything to justify the brilliant hopes which the lady has entertained of becoming his mother-in-law. He is hoping for an interview with Lady Sophia, and a chance of expressing grief at the necessity for his sudden departure, when Lady Pomfret enters the room in the place of her expected daughter. "Lord! how frightened the man looked, how mean! the Countess thought. . . . The Countess wondered how she could have ever thought him agreeable or handsome; he had not even the *bel air*, as he stood cringing behind the drawing-room table, fumbling at his hat." A few minutes later, as this cringing, mean-looking young man leaves the house, having been soundly rated by the Countess, he meets Lady Charlotte Fermor on the stairs, and she, we are informed, "stared in a frightened way at his royal bearing." Nor is his subsequent conduct as described any more lifelike than this; it is difficult to discover in him anything of that clever agreeable disposition which captivated Lady Sophia's heart and produced a lively impression on His Majesty the King. One cannot but feel that his historian has no clear idea as to what manner of man he really was, that the sketch of him is but a patched-up piece of work, with a feature taken here from Horace Walpole, there from Mrs. Delany. What has been said of the chronicler's Lord Lincoln may be said of nearly all his characters. The best drawn among them is the Duke of Newcastle, with his meanness and vanity, his ever-ready kisses and tears. Here is a description of his behaviour at the King's funeral:—

At the funeral of the king he was so overcome that he burst into floods of tears, and rushed many times down into the vault, tearing himself away from a last look at the remains of the sainted monarch whose spirit was already (according to the poet-bishop, good Dr. Porteus, quoted by Thackeray) in heaven:—

"No further blessing could on earth be given—
The next degree of happiness was—heaven!"

There were a crowd of persons standing by, witnesses of the heartrending scene, amongst these Horace Walpole. Who has not looked at the picture of that comedy exhibited by him? The burlesque Duke falling into a fit of tears at the moment of entering the chapel, then, in a spasm of grief, he flings himself into a stall sobbing aloud, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle, all the circle of tearful eyes looking on at the exhibition. "Then in two minutes," adds Walpole, "his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold, and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble.

Mr. Mahony takes the opportunity afforded by the extravagant encomiums published of the Duke after his death by the papers of that time to launch out into a virtuous tirade against the hypocrisy of such praises in general. The peroration with which this is concluded is a good instance of that attempt to imitate Thackeray's style which has been spoken of above:—

It only requires an ignorant or a servile House to make an excellent "heaven-born minister" at any time; one in whose person arrogance and self-righteousness are sacred attributes, whose virtues stand arranged peep-show fashion, to be gazed at by the world only through a magnifying glass. But what matter? Were all England to have a pocket-handkerchief to its nose this moment, blubbering over the loss of such a one, lamenting as it doubtless would through the columns of its broadsheets—what then? Do you suppose our children will not discover the cheat, and poke out the truth, and set the sham up naked in the pillory of history, strip of its tawdry rags, for all the columns of windy adulation, the leaded type, and mourning bands of the penny papers?

It speaks well for Mr. Mahony's judgment that he should select so perfect a writer of English to model his style on, whatever may be thought as to the success of his experiment. As a rule, when one

finds an artist fashioning his productions after the manner of some acknowledged master, it is natural to presume a better acquaintance on his part with that master's works than belongs to the world in general. Mr. Mahony, however, appears to have but little knowledge of Thackeray's books, for at the very beginning of the *Chronicle of the Fermors* he speaks of Lieutenant Osborne "suffering an unexpected blight of his budding affections, as we read in the famous history of *Vanity Fair*." Any one who has read and remembered to a moderate extent *Vanity Fair* will know that Lieutenant Osborne never did suffer such a blight; that, on the contrary, Amelia Sedley evinced a constancy to him which he may be thought to have hardly merited. But this is not all. The writer of the book before us goes on to describe how under these imaginary circumstances Lieutenant Osborne "encountered an unhappy boy whipping his top on the flags in his way, and smarting under the recent wound, that spirited young officer relieved his agony by magnificently kicking the urchin's plaything into the adjacent area." As a matter of fact this incident occurs in *Pendennis*, and the kicking away of the top is the only action by which Sir Derby Oaks is distinguished in that history. It may be unjust to accuse Mr. Mahony of ignorance or want of memory on these grounds; possibly he has carried his idea of improving old books so far as to think that the value of *Pendennis* and *Vanity Fair* would be enhanced by their being judiciously mixed. On the other hand, this strange mistake may be due to mere carelessness, which one is apt to think the more likely on finding in the same chapter with it a sentence so remarkably constructed as this:—"The greatest people at Court, the king himself, was on the list of her admirers." Perhaps this startling departure from ordinary rules of grammar may be explained by the author's respect for the King having led him to include all the greatest people at Court in the august person of His Majesty; but then he ought to have spelt king with a capital and court with a small letter.

Hitherto we have spoken of *A Chronicle of the Fermors* by its first title only. Its second one, "Horace Walpole in Love," strikes us as indicating the only pure and unadulterated piece of invention to be found in the book. The notion that the brilliant, clever, cold Horace Walpole could be in love is sufficiently startling, enough so to make its announcement as a fact an attractive title for a book. It would be a very pardonable curiosity which led a man to refer to the book in order to find out what grounds existed for so unexpected a statement; if, however, he thought to find in this book any solid grounds upon which to build up a romance in Horace Walpole's life, he would probably be disappointed. The writer, however, deserves some credit for the ingenious manner in which he has constructed a sort of idyl with Horace Walpole as its central figure—a Watteau shepherd, as it were, with an eye-glass—out of materials which hardly promise well for such a purpose. He begins by stating as an undisputed fact that Walpole was an early victim to the charms of Lady Sophia Fermor, and that he made no kind of secret of his admiration or of his feelings towards her. If this be so, it is strange that it should have been reserved for the writer of *A Chronicle of the Fermors* to discover a fact which was so patent. He goes on to say that Walpole quickly perceived the maternal hopes which Lord Lincoln's arrival at Florence had excited in Lady Pomfret, and that "his sentences are never so pointed as when elaborately dwelling upon them; he delights in ridiculing the Countess in every way, in exhibiting her absurdity and her intrigues." One would think that a man, however much disposed by nature and habit to satire, would be likely rather to spare the mother of the girl with whom he was seriously in love than to select her as the special butt for the shafts of his ridicule; this, however, is merely matter of conjecture. There is some foundation apparently for the theory that Walpole did love one of the Ladies Fermor, in spite of his contempt for their mother; for the writer goes on to say, "Mr. Warburton, it is true, affirms that Lady Charlotte Fermor, the younger sister, was the object of his passion, but no student of his letters can doubt that it was Lady Sophia alone." It is a natural reflection that Mr. Warburton would be as well qualified to judge of such a matter as any one, but he had not the advantage possessed by Mr. Mahony of bringing to the study of the letters a mind unprejudiced by any near knowledge of the facts. Let us see what is the evidence which is produced by the creator of this theory in its support. He gives a description of a juvenile ball given by Sir Thomas Robinson of Rokeby in honour of a young daughter of the Duke of Richmond. And in the course of this description Mr. Mahony falls into another singular error by making Walpole relate as Selwyn's *bon mot* which is quoted as Hotham's in the letter (to George Montagu, May 12, 1752) whence Mr. Mahony must have extracted it. Mr. Walpole is at the ball, and so is Lady Pomfret, and they engage in a kind of duel of words in which she is worsted with an ease which does but little credit to so celebrated a wit as Walpole. Here, again, occurs a singular instance of the writer's attempt to reproduce Thackeray's style:—

He [Walpole] was no longer the Peri casting longing eyes into that Paradise where he dared not set foot. He did not covet Paradise any longer, not he; and as for the angel guarding the garden of Eden with the two-edged sword, her wit—fugh! he laughed at the blunt and harmless weapon, as at this poor old raddled angel with her mock Italian and her "malheroose" French.

The practice of spelling French as it is supposed to be pronounced by English people seems always to be regarded as a safe means of entertaining the reading public; but even so assured a

fund of humour as this may be drawn upon too heavily. It is difficult, for example, to see what is the difference in pronunciation between the French "tout ensemble" and the "tout ensemble" which is put by the writer into Lady Pomfret's mouth. But to return to Horace Walpole and his supposed unlucky passion. He is represented as attempting, with but indifferent success, to appear unconcerned and indifferent in the presence of Lady Sophia; as being racked with jealousy of Lord Holderness; as asking Lady Sophia to dance, meeting with a refusal on the score of her fatigue, and seeing her the next moment stand up with Lord Holderness. Then we are told that he left the house, and turned into White's for a game of hazard, and, going at last back to his rooms, sat down to finish a letter to Mann, but could write only on one subject. How far does that part of the letter quoted by Mr. Mahony go in support of this elaborate story? The italics are Mr. Mahony's:—

"There were many great beauties," he writes. "Lady Emily Lennox, Lady Euston, Lady Camilla Bennet, and Lady Sophia Fermor, handsomer than all, but a little out of humour at the scarcity of minuetts; however, as usual, she danced more than any other lady, and as usual too, took out what men she liked, or thought the best dancers. Lord Holderness is a little what Lord Lincoln will be to-morrow, for he is expected. The supper was served at twelve: a large table for the lady dancers; their partners and other ladies stood around. We danced till four, then had tea and coffee, and came home. Finis Balli."

On the face of the letter it seems that Walpole did not leave the ball before the rest of the company, for he chronicles its end. But then Mr. Mahony is privileged to read between the lines, and to tell us that "it will be seen that Walpole did not faithfully chronicle all his impressions that evening, nor accurately narrate the facts as they concerned himself." That is, with a singular want of foresight, he did not chronicle the impressions which Mr. Mahony has thought fit to assign to him years afterwards, or he did not see, as Mr. Mahony does, precisely how the facts affected himself. Then the writer, who seems to have mysterious but certain sources of information, tells us that it was far on into daylight when Walpole finished his letter, and that he looked at his white face in the glass with a shudder. It is tolerably fair to imagine, or even to assert, that Walpole, who was never a person of a brilliant complexion, had a white face at four o'clock in the morning, especially after a ball; but one would hardly expect him to shudder at seeing it reflected in the glass. Still less likely was he to give way to such reflections as these:—"What an object he was! But who was to blame? Had he not wantonly brought it on himself? If he had been silly enough to come back again flickering round the old flame, then he had singled himself for his pains, and had only his folly to thank for it." Mr. Mahony, however, gives us to understand that this was the tenor of his thoughts, and Mr. Mahony perhaps knows best. With such elaborate workings up of selected passages in Walpole's letters, eked out with quotations from Lady Mary Montagu and others, great part of the *Chronicle of the Fermors* is taken up. Minor characters are introduced here and there to lighten the story, with no signal success. There is a Captain Keats who comes down to stay with Lord Lincoln at Esher, in whom there is a perceptible flavour of Thackeray's Viscount Cinqbars in the *Shabby-Genteel Story*; a young man who belongs to a racketing set in town, who brings down tales of wild parties at Vauxhall which were "the jolliest parties," and of girls who are "very jolly girls." This is about as surprising as if a young guardsman of the present day should "protest" that the last comic opera "was vastly entertaining, egad!" or greet his hostess at a party with "Pray, madam, was you at Ranelagh last night?" Then there is Lord Lempster, Lady Sophia's brother, a drunken sot whose humour seems to lie in the fact that he is afflicted with a lisp; and there is Alphonse, Lord Lincoln's French valet, who is nearly pinked by Lempster in a drunken freak, and presented with a fine diamond by Lady Pomfret to hush it up; and there are a set of servants who talk of their masters as "governors," just for all the world as servants are supposed to do nowadays. Among all these people, and amid the wavering resolutions of Lord Lincoln, who is always making up his mind to jilt his cousin Catherine Pelham, and propose to Lady Sophia, and always unmaking it again, one rather loses sight of Horace Walpole and the theory of his love after the early part of the book. It would probably be quite easy to construct an entirely different theory as to the workings of Walpole's mind by selecting with due care and skill a different set of passages in the letters to be marked with italics and strung together into a consecutive story; it would also be quite useless.

LATIN LETTER-WRITERS.*

CICERO'S Letters are excellent reading both as a model of style and as a psychological study; and the wonder is that schoolboys are not more generally made to read them and even learn them by rote, both by way of facilitating the epistolary task which is generally hateful to them, and in order to teach them the virtue of straightforwardness by examples of its opposite.

* *The Letters of Cicero to Atticus*. Book I. Edited by Alfred Pretor, M.A., Fellow of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Deighton & Bell. London: Bell & Daldy. 1873.

Selected Letters of Cicero and Pliny: with Notes for the Use of Schools. 2 vols. By the late Constantine E. Prichard, M.A., formerly Fellow of Balliol, and Edward R. Bernard, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1872.

Pliny the Younger too, though somewhat of a pedant and milksop, displays so nicely the graces of a less natural style, a better heart, and a more thorough gentlemanly feeling than Cicero's, and is withal so valuable as a sketcher of society at a much later period of Rome's history, that he deserves to be in the hands of boys and men as the second light of Latin epistolary literature. Beside these two there is no other; for we regard Seneca as a letter-writer only in form, his real scope being preaching or didacticism.

We rejoice to find that both our Universities are bestirring themselves to revive the study of Cicero and Pliny as letter-writers. The larger volume of *Select Letters* edited by Mr. Albert Watson for the Clarendon Press is followed up at Oxford by the handier volumes of Messrs. Prichard and Bernard; whilst at Cambridge Mr. Alfred Pretor, the author of a very meritorious little edition of Persius which we noticed at the time of its appearance, has seconded the scholarly selections of Cicero's Letters put forth some three years back by Mr. Holmes of Clare, and has given us in a compendious form a capital text and commentary of the first book of the Letters to Atticus. Mr. Pretor's plan and mode of carrying it out are so much more to our taste than the more purely schoolroom editions of Prichard and Bernard, he deals so much more thoroughly and independently with difficulties of text and interpretation, and moreover takes, to our thinking, so much truer a measure of the great letter-writer both in the commentary and in the preliminary essay on his character, that our present remarks will be confined for the most part to the Cambridge volume. Yet we do not hesitate to say that the editions of the two Oxford scholars will serve a useful, matter-of-fact purpose, if they fall into the hands of young students. They strike us rather as deficient in genius, acumen, and independent judgment, than as failing to afford needful information or correct and helpful interpretation.

There was probably never a letter-writer who more completely than Cicero sat down and poured out his inmost thoughts to his correspondent, and this is especially true as regards his letters to Atticus. Given a friend of a like mind, as Atticus was, both for better and for worse, both in literary tastes and in the worship of a trimming and time-serving policy, there could be no one to match Cicero in telling out his heart to him, as to one with whom—to use his own words—"ego colloquar, nihil fingam, nihil dissimulem, nihil obtegam." As we unravel the tangled web of selfishness and tortuous policy, our difficulty does not lie in finding suppressions or reservations of the truth, however damaging to the writer's uprightness may have been its frank and undisguised confession. It is rather that we can scarcely believe he is in earnest, or is seriously committing to paper thoughts at which, if that paper (to use Cicero's phrase) cannot blush, his correspondent could not help doing so, were he not already case-hardened. The drawback to a boy's initiation in Cicero's Letters might indeed be that, in the admiration of his inimitably easy and captivating style, he would forget or condone the grave faults of the man—his selfishness, his time-serving, his unscrupulous justification of any shift, any amount of tergiversation, if only it would subserve the ends of his diplomacy. Luckily, in Mr. Pretor's edition this drawback is obviated by the wholesome animus of the commentator, who, siding with the minority of scholars in deprecating Cicero's selfish ends, and doubting his patriotism as well as his goodness of heart, considers it his duty to examine and compare the sentiments expressed in various parts of his epistles, and to try them by the touchstone of truth and consistency. No one can refresh his memory of these letters by the help of this edition, and not, after all allowances, regard them as "the records of a man who in his private relations was vain, selfish, and unaffectionate, and in his public life a weak and unprincipled time-server." Whilst he uses Atticus as an "epistolary dummy on which are to be hung the trophies of his political and public life," there are in his letters no sufficient traits of private affection, home kindness, or staunchness to his friends to redeem or counterbalance the damage to his political reputation which results from the publication of them. Pliny might have contemplated—as he no doubt did—the publishing of his collected letters; but Cicero, unless indeed he really believed that "want of principle and a low standard of right" were things to be proud of, must have reposed in the confidence that he and Atticus were "arcades ambo," and that his tricks and shuffling would go no further than the correspondent for whose appreciative eye they were commemorated on paper. It is hard, we know, to avoid extremes in arguing for or against Cicero; and accordingly checks ought to be put upon undue partisanship. Still, looking only at the first book of the epistles to Atticus, which is now before us, Cicero, were he to be judged out of his own mouth, must be found guilty of low and selfish motives of conduct.

How utterly he could, for his own interests, condone the worst prodigality and fraternize with the most worthless and vicious of men, is seen where, in the very next letter to that in which he says that Catiline will seek the consulship if the judges can bring themselves by acquitting him to declare that the sun does not shine at noon, he announces to his correspondent that he is going to defend this very Catiline, because he must be cultivated for election purposes (I. ii. § 1). As Mr. Pretor shows, it matters little whether he actually did defend Catiline. His letters show that he was ready to do so, and was prepared to use underhand tactics as to the challenging of the judges, for the sake of conciliating the neutrality or even favour of Catiline and his influential backers. In regard also to the proposals in the Senate to prosecute Clodius

for sacrilege, it is remarkable that in Ep. xiii. § 3, Cicero is at pains to make Atticus understand that it was not he, nor any man of consular standing, who brought the matter before the Senate. And why? "Not because he wishes to cast blame on the consulars, but because he fancies Atticus will sanction his irresolute policy in a matter the issues of which were yet so uncertain" (Pretor, p. 78, note). In this and other admissions with reference to Antonius and Crassus the low morality of the writer is pitiable, though there may be something attractive in the unreserved candour of his communications, which remind one of a bank-forgery writing to an accomplice. Mr. Pretor weighs the evidence tendered by Cicero's admirers to relieve him from the stigma of cold-bloodedness involved in the announcement of Ep. vii.:—"Pater nobis decessit a.d. viii. Kal. Decembres"; and he is inclined to decide that the writer speaks of his father's death. A filial announcement truly! The mass of friendly commentators endeavour to whitewash Cicero by resort to the testimony of dates; but Mr. Pretor shows the lengths to which special pleading will go in justification of a hero or an ideal, when he quotes Billerbeck's brief comment on the reading "decessit," "The shortness of the notice shows how deeply Cicero felt his loss." The friendly commentator forgets to read on to the next sentence, wherein the bereaved orphan applies himself to the everlasting reiteration of his commissions for statutory to grace his library and his training-school. In other cases there might be pleaded on Cicero's behalf the display of more genuine feeling; but there is no instance that we know of so really touching as Pliny's letter on the death of Fundanius's daughter on the eve of her marriage (Plin. v. 16, Ep. 49, Prichard and Bernard); and we must agree with Mr. Pretor that Cicero's expression of regret at the death of his reader Sositheus, "a pleasant lad, whose death has distressed me more than a slave's death should" (xii. § 4), is "greatly spoilt by the allusion to his own condescension," and is no match for Martial's epigram on Erotion's death (v. 37). Readers of Messrs. Prichard and Bernard's selections from Pliny's Letters will find how much nicer and finer was that writer's tone of feeling and affection for his slaves; but then Pliny was a gentleman. After all, however, as bad a count as any against Cicero consists in his cool treatment of the wishes and interests of his bosom friend. In the first letter he gives the cold shoulder to Atticus's uncle Cæcilius, because to take up his case against Satrius would damage him (Cicero) with Domitius. In the eleventh, and indeed in others, he exhibits a strange indifference as to the reconciliation of Atticus and Luceius, which he had undertaken to bring about, and which Atticus had greatly at heart. It is the same in Ep. xvii. with regard to the misunderstanding between Atticus and Quintus Cicero. Cicero might have reconciled them, but his friendships never stood in the way of his interests. In this epistle Messrs. Prichard and Bernard see a genuine tribute to the tried friendship of Atticus, and no doubt the 6th section, taken by itself, looks like a warm expression of feeling. But, as Mr. Pretor points out, section 7 does away with the whole value of this, by showing that it is simply an official compliance with Atticus's request that he would set his motives straight, beyond the possibility of misconstruction, with the outer world. Cicero's brother had named Atticus as a "legatus" on being appointed Governor of Asia. Atticus hung fire, no doubt at the secret instance of Cicero, who felt that he would be isolated without so like-minded and sagacious an adviser within reach. And so the friend ran the risk of being compromised, as fickle and inconsistent, with the Roman public, and the misunderstanding with Quintus Cicero had to rankle and remain unhealed, because this pattern friend could not postpone his own selfish interests. The expressions of Ep. xvii., read with this key to them, much resemble a dictated apology.

A passage in this letter may serve to exhibit Mr. Pretor's tact in dealing with the text of the epistles, which, it need scarcely be said, is constantly doubtful, and of which the history, by the way, is exceedingly well summarized in Messrs. Prichard and Bernard's preface. Cicero is admitting to Atticus the conviction that Quintus Cicero is vexed at his conduct and suspicious as to the causes of it:—"videbam, subesse nescio quid opinionis incommode sauciumque esse ejus animum et insedissem quasdam odiosas suspiciones"; and *esse* is omitted in the best MSS., whilst *et* is not found in others. Our Oxford editors in their note on the passage seem to omit both, though, as *et* appears in their text, we must conclude that they are doubtful. Mr. Pretor observes that "*esse*" might well be spared, but "that to leave out *et* with Schutz and Nobbe is to introduce a construction most unusual with Cicero"—to wit, an accusative after "*insideo*." That Messrs. Prichard and Bernard do not view this in the same light appears from their construing, "And that his feelings were wounded by some unpleasant suspicions which had settled in them"; though, when they come to illustrate what they term a common construction, they are driven to adduce a solitary instance of it from Livy. One other example of the superiority of the Cambridge editor's judgment occurs at the end of this same epistle. Cicero writes, "*Modeste rogo, quod maxime cupio, ut quam primum venias*"—"I ask you respectfully, for what I desire above measure, to come as soon as possible." Mr. Pretor only notices the various reading "*molesto*" (i.e. "importunately"), to pronounce it less forcible and very unusual. The Oxford editors adopt and prefer it.

Though we cannot go fully into the matter, we would refer scholars to Mr. Pretor's acute emendation of what he received as the Medicean MS. text, "*Qui magistratum simul cum lege Ælia iniit*," in Ep. xvi. § 13. As it yielded no sense, he conjectured that *contr.* or *con* for *contra* had got copied as *cum*, and, adding a

final *m* to *lege* and *Ælia*, obtained the intelligible sentence, "*Qui magistratum simul contra Legem Æliam iniit*." This would dispose of the difficulty of separating "*simul*" from the ablatives which follow, and, though *simul* would fall rather flat, the passage would declare that Lurco was elected in contravention of the Ælian law. But, though Mr. Pretor deserves praise for his ingenuity, he has candour enough to quote a communication from Mr. Munro, which, arriving after the note was in type, removes the necessity for it. The Medicean reading is *insimul cum*, not *simul cum*, of which the following is a simple, and perhaps not unsatisfactory, correction; *qui magistratum insimulatum lege Ælia iniit*, "who entered upon a magistracy impeached by the Lex Ælia."

We may add that Mr. Pretor is especially good in explaining uncommon words, or words not used in their usual sense—e.g. *prolixa*, *perhibere* (in the sense of *adhibere*); *recolligi*, *decidisse*, *devenire*, *adlegatio*, *divinitus*, &c.; and that he is very acute, as well as painstaking, in substantiating the propositions which he takes up; for example, where he gives his reasons for considering Teueris in xii. § 1 and elsewhere to be identical with Antonius. And though we cannot subscribe to his wish that we should translate "*Τονοθεντιν . . . includam orationi meæ*," "I'll send you the topographical description of Misenum with my speech—i.e. in the same parcel with my speech," we are bound to say that his "*construes*" are generally very neat and accurate, and admirably calculated to help the younger student. And this is the case no less in longer passages which require nice unravelling—e.g. Ep. x. § 6—than in short sentences where the Latin contains a joke to be reproduced, or an alliteration to be imitated. Among the former is the hit at letter-carriers, "*Quotus enim quisque est qui epistolam paullo graviorem ferre possit, nisi eam pellectione relevavit*" (xiii. l.), "For how few are there who carry a letter of any weight without first easing their burden by reading it through." Among the latter is the caricature of the consul who was "*facie magis quam facietis ridiculus*," "laughable rather than his expression than his expressions," and of the thirty-one judges "*quos fames magis quam fama commoverit*," "with whom hunger carried the day against honour."

While we wish well to the selections of Messrs. Prichard and Bernard, as school-books calculated to furnish the needful amount of note and comment to the average learner, it is but right to point out that Mr. Pretor's edition of the first book of the Epistles to Atticus is something more and better than these; it is a mass of readable and interesting matter for the more advanced student, and an earnest, we hope, of a larger and completer edition of the Ciceronian Letters.

ARGUS FAIRBAIRN.*

MR. JACKSON has taken a difficult theme for his plot of *Argus Fairbairn*, and one of which the bare outlines might seem to be repulsive and unlikely. But he has managed his story with so much delicacy and pathos, he shows so much insight into human nature, and such an absence of mawkishness where the temptation to mawkishness was great, that it would be prudery to object to his theme—unfortunately one only too common in human history—stripped as it is of all unpleasantness and pruriency in the handling.

The character of Argus Fairbairn, poor Lois Williams's "mistake," is well conceived, and as well worked out. The sensitive and somewhat wayward boy becomes by the very law of growth and evolution the proud and passionate, tenacious and high-spirited man; implacable, unapproachable; bearing always with him the bitter sense of his mother's wrongs and his own dishonoured birth; the sorrow of his shame warping for a time all that was fine in his nature, and exaggerating his very virtues into faults. We have seldom met with a more natural presentation; it bears no trace of over-elaboration, and shows none of that false kind of consistency by which white is made as spotless as snow, while black has not even a streak of grey to relieve its dark monotony. No one can help loving the poor young fellow with his honesty and unselfishness; but no one can help being angry with him for his temper, his pride, and his unreasonableness. Our sympathy, too, naturally goes with the penitent evil-doer when he is repelled in his endeavour to atone for his youthful sin so far as he is able; and though truly, as the motto of the book says, "that which is crooked cannot be made straight," and a wrong once done cannot be undone, yet Sir William Severn's repentance for a sin which, bad as it was, is not so bad as Argus believes, is so sincere that we cannot help wishing, weakly perhaps, that his son had been brought to forgive him earlier, and that a few rays of sunshine might have lightened up the gloom before it was too late. Doubtless Mr. Jackson's sterner method is the better art; and it might have been an error to have shown how, even with a nature like Argus Fairbairn's, use must necessarily blunt the sharpest edges and wear down the roughest points, and how, when he had fully come to his manhood, he would have found that a good fortune and a fine estate save over the little scar of illegitimacy in the world's esteem as if it had never been. Moreover, a man learns to regard himself more from the point of personality than from that of family, save indeed when the family is specially notable; and where he himself is better than his birth, the shame that was so poignant

* *Argus Fairbairn*. By Henry Jackson, Author of "Gilbert Ruggie," "Hearth Ghosts," &c., &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

in the time of his uncertain youth dies out altogether when he is a man among men, certain of his own position and able to defend it, and not merely a nameless friendless little waif, cast as a victim among the youthful tyrants of respectability and acknowledged parentage. We acquit Mr. Jackson of all leaning towards mawkishness, as we have said; but we cannot acquit Argus Fairbairn of morbidness; and we imagine that most readers of this book will feel the same desire as ourselves to see him roused into something more healthy and essentially masculine than he is. It is a part of all true manliness to accept one's burdens, whatever they may be, with dignity and self-control.

The episode of the commonplace if fine-voiced singer, Melusina Meadows, and her drunken disreputable "pa," has a certain echo of Thackeray's immortal Costigan running through it. It is a somewhat trite representation of the impecunious Bohemian, living partly by his wits and partly by the exploitation of a daughter's talent, and has no special originality of treatment or detail to redeem it from the charge of repetition. Argus Fairbairn's honest love wasted on such a wretched piece of selfishness is also after the manner of Thackeray; and the interruption to the marriage at the last moment strikes us as somewhat forced. Though cleverly led up to, it comes too much like the sudden appearance of the god out of the machine who was appointed to unravel all the hard knots and extricate the plot from hopeless confusion; and surely the mask drops a little too suddenly, and the revulsion of feeling with "Gus" is somewhat too broadly stated. At the worst, her marriage with him would have been a step into social respectability for the fair Bohemian; and she might have calculated on her power to make the husband accept what the lover had rejected. If beneath all her calculation there existed the power of so much real love as appears at the end of the chapter, and if she did honestly care for the young man though she cared for wealth and ease and luxury more, we cannot but think she would have temporized more; and Gus seems to us to have been too blind all through to have been awakened at the first shake. Had his faith in his ideal been undermined by a series of those small unheeded touches which have no apparent present influence, but which suddenly assume a cumulative power when the final blow comes, it would have been the higher art. And in a book which has such nice discrimination of character, and which deals so delicately with the growth of feelings and convictions, this somewhat new and unlooked-for transformation brings with it a sense of unfitness that mars the harmony of the whole. Gus was intensely silly in his love for Melusina; his very honour towards her was want of common sense, if the evidence of a fine nature; but the final break was a little cruel as well as crude, and in spite of all her native sordidness, the singer had some show of reason on her side. What attractions she had, apart from her voice, must have been only physical; and a pure love for a gross nature is always painful to read of, and difficult to make either interesting or likely.

One of the best characters in the book is Lady Severn. There is a wonderful beauty and delicacy about her all through, and the conflict of womanly sweetness with wifely jealousy and shame is admirably shown. Her conduct to Gus and to his mother when she knows their relations to her husband is very nobly conceived as well as narrated. We see in it what the author has not expressed in so many words, that besides her womanly sweetness she had also the capacity for a certain broad justice, a certain liberality of judgment by which she accepts the fact that her husband's past, before he was married to her, was his own and not hers, and that though it would have been better, as things were, had he confided in her, she had no right to demand his confidence or to resent his action. She is admirable all through, and, though perfect, not wearisomely so. She and Carry Fairbairn are indeed the only really nice women in the book; for poor Lois Williams is little more than a large pair of eyes with perpetual tears in them—one of those melancholy Niobes of fiction who may be very pretty to look at, but would be decidedly depressing to be with; and who are unable to resist the love of men or the "folly" to which they are asked to stoop. She is a pretty, tender, invertebrate creature for whom one feels any amount of compassion, mingled with some little dash of contempt; but Lady Severn, who is quite as tender, has more power, and is by so much the more delightful.

It was necessary for the purposes of the story that her people should take Lois away with them to Australia, knowing her condition and the position of the father of her unborn child; but it was not what the ordinary peasant, Welsh or other, would have done. In the first place, the fact of the seduction and its consequences would not have caused either so much surprise or consternation as the author has expressed; and in the second place, the gentleman would have been made to pay. If Lois found no way of communication open to her, and no answer sent to her loving letters, her uncle and the virago who was his wife would certainly have put the matter into the hands of a lawyer, and have got compensation for the injury done to them. They would never have quietly put up with the extra expense of the baby, and they would have either found Mr. Tressant or sent Lois to the workhouse to reap the bitter harvest of her imprudent trust in the best way she might. Again, if Tressant honestly intended to marry her, as he did, would he have seduced her? If no saint, he was no scoundrel; he was a man of apparently too high and honourable a nature to degrade into his mistress the woman he meant to be his wife. Of course, if he had not done so, Argus Fairbairn would never have been written, or it would have been

constructed on quite a different groundplan; but, though more immoral, it would surely have been more likely that Tressant never intended to marry Lois at all, though probably he would have taken her to live with him; or, if his passion was so far master of his worldly wisdom as to make him determine to raise an untaught peasant girl into the position of his wife, he would then have been careful of her for very self-respect, and the catastrophe of the little Argus would never have happened.

One of the graphic little touches of this book, where the action is neither overloaded nor abrupt, but sharp and incisive, is the fatal scene between Tressant and his mother. As good in its own way is the death of poor Gus, when, reconciled with his father, but not with life, he dies of the heart disease that has long possessed him. He dies forgiving the man whom all his life he had, unknown, hated, and, when known, not loved; but his last look goes to his quasi-father and long-time tutor, whose influence over him had always been so good, and whose love was the dearest he had known. The whole of the end of the book is singularly pathetic, and the scene between Gus and Lady Severn, when she comes to beg him to forgive his father and be reconciled to him, is touching in the extreme. The lady's firm yet tender tone, the man's hard reluctance breaking down at last into such a passionate outburst when the poor lonely soul seemed to feel the sudden need of love and the greater nobleness of forgiveness over resentment, are beautifully portrayed. It seems a pity that the brighter thread should have been cut short so soon; and that, after all, the reconciliation between father and son should be but a rootless affair so far as Gus was concerned—a simple conquest over bad feelings rather than the well-grounded existence of better ones. It might have been more commonplace to have ended the story differently; but it would have been more cheerful; and we own to a preference for novels that end in sunshine rather than in gloom. Gus had had so much experience of life as leads to wisdom, and he might have developed into a noble fellow enough now that he had had some of his youthful pride and passion knocked out of him, and had learnt the sweet uses of adversity. The book, however, even if sadder than we like, is one of the best novels we have seen for some time. It is the work of a thoughtful and cultivated man, and, if not without flaw, has so many more beauties than imperfections that we accept it and are grateful.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. ALFRED RAMBAUD has just published a volume* which may be considered as a sequel to the one we reviewed some time ago, entitled *Les Français sur le Rhin*. The object of his present work is to show the results produced by the battles of Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagram, and to illustrate the state of Germany under the Napoleonic régime. M. Rambaud endeavours to prove, not only that the armed propagandism carried on by the French Revolution was cordially received on the other side of the Rhine, but that the Germans sympathized with Bonaparte's early system of Continental policy. Resistance took place, he says, only when the French Emperor sought to apply for his own selfish purposes theories which in themselves were unexceptionable. The taxes were indeed more equitably assessed by the conqueror than they had been under the old administration; but, on the other hand, they became every year increasingly heavy. The military conscription was at first infinitely preferable to the recruiting system which had previously obtained, but it gradually became an intolerable scourge; and, finally, the Germans felt insulted by the dictatorial and never-ceasing interference of Napoleon between their rulers and themselves. Such, according to M. Rambaud, were the causes which marred all the beneficial results of the revolutionary crusade, and which ended by binding together against France Liberals such as Fichte, Arndt, and Dörnberg on the one side, and the champions of the old order of things on the other.

It has often been remarked that there are in France two legends which need to be reduced to the proportions of sober truth. The Napoleonic legend is just now passing through a severe ordeal, and M. Lanfrey, amongst others, has done much to strip it of its fictitious character; but the revolutionary myth has not yet been dealt with so completely. M. Felix Rocquain has contributed a very interesting volume† towards this desirable end, and his work is the more valuable because the Revolution is left, so to speak, to give evidence for itself by the mouths of some of its most accredited agents. It appears that about the beginning of the year IX., the Consular Government ordered several Councillors of State, Fourcroy, Barbé Marbois, Champagny, Lacuée, Thibaudau, Duchâtel, &c., to draw up a series of reports on the situation of the country; M. Thiers refers to these documents in his *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, and evidently had managed to get access to them. Unfortunately, several of the reports prepared in pursuance of the Consular decree were lost, whilst others saw the light only after an interval of two or three years, and therefore cannot be regarded as accurately representing the state of things at the period they were intended to illustrate. Sufficient details, however, are found in those which M. Rocquain has published to give a very striking idea of France at the time when the Directory expired under the universal contempt

* *L'Allemagne sous Napoléon I.* Par Alfred Rambaud. Paris: Didier.

† *L'état de la France au 18 Brumaire.* Par M. Félix Rocquain. Paris: Didier.

of the nation; and the excellent introduction prefixed by the author forcibly brings out the conclusion suggested by the facts before him. He has no difficulty in showing that the Consular Government did not meet, as some historians imagine, with enthusiastic and universal sympathy; on the contrary, the general feeling was indifference, and the new order of things was only regarded as a temporary political experiment.

M. Jules Simon writes on education as a man having authority, and his book is one which might lead to important results on the other side of the Channel, if Frenchmen, with all their revolutionary proclivities, were not, after all, thoroughly wedded to routine.* His great objection to the existing system of secondary instruction in France is that, instead of preparing young men for the battle of life, it merely qualifies them to pass examinations. "Non vitæ, sed scholæ discimus," said Seneca, and the remark is perfectly applicable to-day among our neighbours. M. Jules Simon does not wish to do away with the examination for the *baccalauréat*; but he would reduce it to its proper limits—namely, to a test of the instruction given in the Colleges. The first part of his volume is a criticism of existing institutions; the second and third contain suggestions for improvement and reform.

The philosophical theory of Schopenhauer † is undoubtedly one of the most singular which have appeared within the last few years in Germany. And yet, notwithstanding the volume devoted to it by M. Foucher de Careil, it had never yet been thoroughly studied in France, for the simple reason that there existed no summary of it sufficiently complete to furnish the uninitiated with an intelligible account of the system. M. Ribot has undertaken to supply the deficiency, and we think that he has been successful; his modest brochure is one of the most satisfactory instalments of M. Germer-Baillière's *Bibliothèque de philosophie contemporaine*. It begins with a short biographical sketch, and then goes on to examine Schopenhauer's method of dealing with the intellect, the will, aesthetics, and ethics; the final chapter contains a critical examination of the nature and tendency of the leading doctrines maintained by the philosopher.

M. Louis Reybaud is well known as one of the leading economists of the present day. Several years ago he was entrusted by the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques with the mission of inquiring into the state of the manufacturing classes throughout France, and his present volume is the concluding one of the series. ‡ The recent fluctuations in the price of coal, and the necessary effect of these on the iron market, give additional interest to M. Reybaud's new publication, and will no doubt help to recommend it to the attention of readers. He holds that the rise of which consumers have so universally complained is mainly due to the political events of the last few years, but he is of opinion that prices are not likely to be materially reduced, because the coal beds are not inexhaustible. In order to give as complete an idea as possible of the branch of manufacture examined in this volume, M. Reybaud has studied successively several of the leading centres in France, such as Anzin, Le Creusot, Fourchambault, and St. Chamond; he is thus enabled to compare the various systems adopted in different places, and to note their comparative advantages. His inquiry is followed by an account of the *Internationale*, and of the establishment founded by M. Godin at Guise, in the North of France, under the name of *Familistère*, for the benefit of workmen.

The third volume of M. de Lamartine's *Correspondance* § comprises a period of six years, beginning with 1820; it was unquestionably the happiest part of his life; it was that at least when he produced the writings which have placed his name so high on the roll of contemporary French literature. The *Méditations poétiques*, the *Nouvelles méditations*, the *Dernier chant du pèlerinage d'Harold*, belong to that time; and certainly M. de Lamartine's muse never took a higher flight since, even in the beautiful poem of *Jocelyn*. The correspondence relating to the year 1826 begins with two letters addressed to Colonel Pepe, a Neapolitan officer who had felt himself annoyed by a couplet of the French poet on the degeneracy of modern Italians. A duel was the result, and M. de Lamartine received a sword wound in the arm. Several of the persons to whom his letters are addressed have left an honoured name in politics and in literature, such as M. de Genoude, the Duke de Montmorency, and M. Aimé Martin; others are less familiar to us, and we cannot help regretting that Madame de Lamartine should not have adopted the suggestion we ventured to make on a former occasion, and added to the interest of her publication by a few short biographical notes.

M. Picot's thick octavo || is a learned manifesto on behalf of the democratic constitution of the Church. He begins by arguing that the constitution of the early Church clearly confers sovereignty and its three attributes—namely, legislative, judicial, and administrative power—on the whole congregation of the faithful, and not on the ministers of the Church exclusively; the holy communion is, he contends, a confirmation of this, and a sufficient refutation of those who look upon the Church either as a monarchy or an aristocracy. The history of the Church, he says, proves that the want of har-

mony among Christians, and the multiplicity of sects and heresies, are entirely owing to the substitution of the monarchical, instead of the democratic, element in the constitution of Christendom; a substitution which must finally prove fatal to the Pope himself. Whatever may be thought of M. Picot's views, or of their consistency with his Catholic professions, it must be owned that he develops them with great clearness, and he must be commended for his chivalrous efforts to show that a right conception of Christianity would immediately silence all the objections of unbelievers. Let it be once clearly understood, he says, that democracy is the essence of the Church, and you win over the majority of free-thinkers.

M. Charles Wiener has devoted an interesting and substantial volume * to the history of the Empire of the Incas; his information, derived from the best sources, is thoroughly digested, and is placed before the reader in an attractive manner. After an introductory chapter on the geography, the topography, and the climatology of the country where the primitive kingdom of Cuzco was established, M. Wiener discusses the origin of the American Indians, whom he considers as descended immediately from the Asiatic races—Hindoo, Hindoo-Chinese, and Mongolian. A rapid historical sketch occupies the third chapter; we have then an account of the laws which governed the kingdom of the Incas, and, lastly, a survey of the religious institutions of the people. Here it is that the original and distinctive feature of M. Wiener's work appears. Humboldt had already observed that the Empire of the Incas "resembled a huge monastic establishment, in which every member of the community was told what he had to do as his share towards the general prosperity; . . . the founder of Cuzco, whilst flattering himself that he could oblige men to be happy, had reduced them to the condition of mere machines." Our author, expanding this idea, shows that the political régime of the old Peruvians was simply communism strictly applied, and he takes the opportunity of refuting the Utopias of modern revolutionists. If a handful of foreigners were capable of conquering an Empire such as that of the Incas, apparently so strong and so coherent, the reason must be sought not only, nor even chiefly, in the superiority of European tactics and in the use of firearms; in M. Wiener's view, it was rather the deplorable constitution of a society administered on communistic principles that left it an easy prey to the attacks of enemies from without.

M. Émile Worms is already well known by his book on the Hanseatic League, and his present volume is in some measure a continuation of the subject which he attempted to discuss some years ago. † The unity of Germany and the formation of the Zollverein were looked upon as Utopias until quite recently; they are now established facts, and well worth the attention of readers interested in the problems of political economy. M. Worms has given a complete account of the gradual development of the commercial league which brought about the creation of the Zollverein, and he traces its origin as far back as the sixteenth century. It appears that a plan was then conceived of establishing custom-houses on the whole line of the Imperial frontier, with the view of securing to the sovereign independent fiscal resources. Charles V. favoured this plan, as might well be supposed, but the intrigues of the German cities prevented it from being carried out, and thus it was that the welding together of the German States into one compact whole was delayed for the space of three centuries. Our author goes carefully throughout the various stages which ultimately led to the organization of the Zollverein, and concludes with a tabular statement of the tariffs at present in force.

Pope Gregory XVI., amongst his numerous merits, had the one of being extremely fond of French novels. In his time Parisian works of fiction were not quite so startling as *Madame Bovary* or *La femme de feu*, but some of them were sufficiently coarse, and we scarcely think that the well-known poet would have said of *Mon cousin Raymond* ‡, "La mère en permettra la lecture à sa fille." Yet the author of that work was a special favourite with his Holiness, and whenever a Frenchman happened to be received in private audience at the Vatican, Gregory XVI. never failed to ask, "Come sta il Signor Paolo di Kock?" We have now before us the first and, unfortunately, the only volume of Paul de Kock's memoirs. If ever any man was able to describe the French literary society of the nineteenth century, it was undoubtedly he who used to be nicknamed *le romancier des cuisinières*. He persisted, however, for a long time in refusing to publish his memoirs; and when, at last, repeatedly urged by his friend Benjamin Antier, he yielded, it was too late, and he did not live long enough to give more than the first volume, which now appears, edited by his son. It is an amusing book, full of anecdotes, and contains, amongst other curious things, a letter written to Paul de Kock by the author of *Eugène Aram*.

M. Léonce Dupont makes no secret of his Bonapartist sympathies, and he gives us a volume of nearly three hundred pages on Napoleon IV. § He acknowledges, it is true, that very little can be said as yet about the young Prince, but it is not difficult to fill a good-sized duodecimo with extracts from the newspapers, and to add a chapter of concluding remarks. M. Dupont asserts that

* *La réforme de l'enseignement secondaire*. Par M. Jules Simon. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *La philosophie de Schopenhauer*. Par M. Ribot. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Le fer et la houille*. Par M. Louis Reybaud, de l'Institut. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Correspondance de Lamartine*. Publiée par Madame Valentine de Lamartine. Vol. 3. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

|| *De la souveraineté dans l'Église*. Par J. B. Picot. Paris: Thorin.

* *Essai sur les institutions politiques, religieuses, économiques et sociales de l'empire des Incas*. Par Charles Wiener. Paris: Maisonneuve.

† *L'Allemagne économique, ou histoire du Zollverein allemand*. Par Émile Worms. Paris: Marescq.

‡ *Mémoires de Ch. Paul de Kock, écrites par lui-même*. Paris: Dentu.

§ *La quatrième Napoléon*. Par Léonce Dupont. Paris: Lachaud et Burdin.

the Imperial Prince is destined to save France from disorder and anarchy, as his father and his great-uncle did before him. It would be ridiculous to deny that the energy both of Napoleon I. and of Napoleon III. checked for a time the progress of revolutionary follies; but it may fairly be questioned, on the other hand, whether the faults of these two rulers did not help to bring about a state of political disorganization much worse than the one they endeavoured to arrest.

The volume entitled *Les représentations du sens commun* which we had occasion to notice some time ago gives us a very favourable idea of M. Xavier Aubryet. *Madame Veuve Lutèce** is not nearly so good, but it contains a few amusing chapters; and when the author deals with the Republicans of the Extreme Left and the colleagues of Citizen Delescluze he is always excellent; the shaft reaches its mark, and strikes home. Let us mention, for instance, the piece entitled *Le roi Gavroche*, where M. Aubryet tells some very plain truths about the Paris *voyou*. In an age which has witnessed so many attempts to whitewash monsters and abominations of every kind, something surely ought to be done in the opposite direction, and it may be well to show the world what are really the heroes of democratic enthusiasts. The Paris *gamin* or *voyou* is one of those whose titles to glory best deserve inquiry, and it is high time that the *beau idéal* of the late M. Boyard's popular vaudeville and M. Victor Hugo's amiable *Gavroche* should be stripped of their borrowed plumes. This has been done most thoroughly by M. Xavier Aubryet, who will probably be called a reactionist for his pains.

The occupation of Versailles by the Germans during the late war† is one of the most interesting episodes connected with the campaign. M. Rameau, the Mayor of Versailles, collected a large number of documents relating to the stay of the German armies in the town of which he was the chief magistrate; these documents are now published in chronological order by M. Delerot, and contain a valuable mass of historical information. The compiler has almost uniformly abstained from commenting on the evidence which he brings forward, but here and there his patriotic hatred of the Prussians appears in all its natural energy.

M. Montégut has begun a series of excursions through France in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the first volume, relating to the old province of Burgundy‡, now courts our notice. There is abundance of agreeable and interesting reading in these pages, where the author, instead of writing a mere geographical and topographical description—an extract, so to say, from some gazetteer—relates the impressions which this or that city has produced upon him, gives us details respecting the illustrious personages born there, the works of art it has produced, and the great events of which it has been the theatre. Thus Montbard suggests an excellent sketch of Buffon; the village of Milly is inseparable from the name of M. de Lamartine; and Auxerre reminds our author of various unpublished anecdotes about Marshal Devoust. M. Montégut is anxious to walk in the footsteps of Camden, and his endeavours to make a description of France attractive and interesting must be regarded as highly meritorious. We hope that all the provinces will in due course be honoured with a visit from him.

The *Bibliothèque universelle*§ for February contains a number of articles which deserve careful reading, M. Mérimée and the *Lettres à une inconnue* occupying a prominent place. It is much to be regretted that the unquestionable merits of the author of *Colomba* as a writer cannot be judged independently of his moral character; but the two volumes of correspondence which have lately created such a sensation both in France and abroad render this impossible, and we can only wonder that the *inconnue*, if she had any respect for her admirer's memory, should have allowed the publication of his letters to her. M. Adolphe de Circourt touches chiefly upon Prosper Mérimée's intellectual superiority, and here diversity of opinion is scarcely possible. M. Charles Secrétan's remarkable essay on Mr. Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma* must also be mentioned; and, finally, M. Tallichet's article on the idea of federation, suggested principally by one of Proudhon's works which was published ten years ago.

Tartuffe, *Amphitryon*, *Georges Dandin*—such are the three plays which form the fifth volume of M. Pauly's new edition of Molière. It is a great temptation to a critic to have an opportunity of saying something about the illustrious French comic writer; for, notwithstanding all that has been printed in commendation of Molière's genius, the terseness of his versification, and his wonderful skill in delineating character, the subject seems inexhaustible. The *Tartuffe*, for instance, has produced a perfect library of pamphlets, sermons, satires, and critiques; it has called forth a greater amount of animosity and bitterness of spirit than almost any other comedy ancient or modern, and it has acquired a kind of political importance, thanks to the violence of certain religious partisans. Many persons have thought that Molière, in composing his play, had the Jesuits in his mind's eye. M. Sainte-Beuve seems to have approached nearer to the truth when he said that the

character of the hero of the piece was rather intended to expose the blind exaggerations of the Jansenists. At any rate, when we think of the immense influence which the clergy enjoyed at Versailles where the play was acted for the first time, we may well admire the boldness of the author. About *Amphitryon*, with its evident allusions to Madame de Montespan and her scandalous amours, the less said the better. *Georges Dandin* is almost as objectionable on the score of morality; but it conveyed, on the other hand, an excellent lesson to those *bourgeois* who, at the risk of their own happiness, sought to associate with people of a higher social position than themselves.

We may mention two amusing books written expressly for children. The adventures of Mademoiselle Jacasse*, copiously illustrated, are intended to expose the mischief arising from garrulous habits. M. Girardin's *Braves gens*†, after having delighted the readers of *L'illustration de la jeunesse*, now fill a handsome octavo with the narrative of their high deeds of generosity, valour, and patriotism.

* *Mademoiselle Jacasse*. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Les braves gens*. Par J. Girardin. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

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§ *Bibliothèque universelle*, et *Revue suisse*. Livraison de Février. Lausanne: Bridel.

|| *Les œuvres de Molière, avec notes et variantes*. Par A. Pauly. Vol. v. Paris: Lemerre.

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Of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., Chappell & Co., Mitchell's, Olivier, Lamborn

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—NOTICE is Hereby Given

that on Wednesday, 29th of April next, the Senate will proceed to Elect EXAMINERS

in the following Departments:

Examinations.	Salaries.	Present Examiners.
ARTS AND SCIENCE.	(Each.)	
Two in Classics	£300	{ R. C. Jebb, Esq., M.A.
Two in The English Language, Literature, and History	£150	{ Vacant.
Two in The French Language	£100	{ Vacant.
Two in The German Language	£50	{ Gustave Masson, Esq., B.A.
Two in The Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, the Greek Text of the New Testament, the Evidence of the Christian Religion, and Scriptural History	£50	{ Vacant.
Two in Logic and Moral Philosophy	£50	{ R. Keat, Esq., Ph.D.
Two in Political Economy	£50	{ Rev. J. J. S. Perowne, D.D.
Two in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy	£200	{ W. Aldis Wright, Esq., M.A.
Two in Experimental Philosophy	£100	{ Prof. Baynes, LL.B.
Two in Chemistry	£175	{ Rev. John Venn, M.A.
Two in Botany and Vegetable Physiology	£75	{ Vacant.
Two in Zoology and Paleontology	£75	{ Prof. Sylvester, LL.D., F.R.S.
		{ Vacant.
		{ Prof. Balfour Stewart, LL.D., F.R.S.
		{ Vacant.
		{ H. Debus, Esq., Ph.D., F.R.S.
		{ Vacant.
		{ Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A.
		{ Thomas Thomson, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.
		{ Prof. Duncan, M.B., F.R.S.
		{ Prof. Morris, F.G.S.
LAW.		
Two in Jurisprudence, Roman Law, Principles of Legislation, and International Law	£100	{ Prof. Bryce, D.C.L.
Two in Equity and Real Property Law	£50	{ T. Erskine Holland, Esq., B.C.L., M.A.
Two in Common Law and Law and Principles of Evidence	£50	{ Herbert H. Cozens-Hardy, Esq., LL.B.
Two in Constitutional History of England	£25	{ A. E. Miller, Esq., B.A., Q.C.
		{ Farrer Herschell, Esq., B.A., Q.C.
		{ Henry Matthews, Esq., LL.B., Q.C.
		{ Prof. Sheldon Amos, M.A.
		{ Prof. Courtney, M.A.
MEDICINE.		
Two in Medicine	£150	{ J. Syer Bristowe, Esq., M.D.
Two in Surgery	£150	{ Prof. Wilson Fox, M.D., F.R.S.
Two in Anatomy	£100	{ Prof. John Marshall, F.R.S.
Two in Physiology, Comparative Anatomy, and Zoology	£150	{ Vacant.
Two in Obstetric Medicine	£75	{ G. W. Callender, Esq., F.R.S.
Two in Materia Medica and Pharmaceutical Chemistry	£75	{ Prof. G. Viner Ellis, F.R.S.
Two in Forensic Medicine	£50	{ Prof. Michael Foster, M.D., F.R.S.
		{ Prof. Rutherford, M.D., F.R.S.E.
		{ Robert Barnes, Esq., M.D.
		{ Prof. Graily Hewitt, M.D.
		{ T. L. Branton, Esq., M.D.
		{ T. R. Fraser, Esq., M.D.
		{ Arthur Gamgee, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.
		{ Prof. Henry Maudslay, M.D.

The Examiners above named are re-eligible, and intend to offer themselves for re-election. Candidates must send in their Names to the Registrar, with an attestation of their Qualifications they may think desirable, on or before Tuesday, March 31. It is particularly desired by the Senate that no personal application of any kind be made to its individual Members.

University of London, Burlington Gardens, W. By Order of the Senate, William B. Carpenter, M.D., Registrar.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS. Two £50, Six £40, Four £20. Election, Second Week in May.—Apply to the SECRETARY, the College, Cheltenham.

CAMBRIDGE EXAMINATION FOR WOMEN, 1874.—CANDIDATES are requested to send in their Names by March 25 to Mrs. A. DICEY, Hon. Sec., 12 Victoria Street, S.W.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE. Patron.—The Lord Bishop of CHICHESTER, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, Lord LECONFIELD, the Marquis of BRISTOL, &c.

President.—The Earl of CHICHESTER. Principal.—The Rev. C. BIGG, M.A., late Senior Student and Tutor of Ch. Ch. Oxford. BRIGHTON COLLEGE offers the usual Public School Education in a most healthy climate peculiarly favourable to boys of delicate constitution. Special arrangements are made for Pupils preparing for the Civil Service. The Modern Forms have been organized with great care, and provide a thorough, liberal, and practical education for Boys intended for business or the active professions. There is an excellent Laboratory, Workshop, &c. The School is well endowed with Scholarships and Exhibitions. Terms 80 to 90 Guineas per annum according to age.—Address, the Rev. the SECRETARY.

ABINGDON SCHOOL, Berks (Six Miles from Oxford).—This old Foundation has extensive new buildings on a fine bracing site. A Public School Training is given to the SONS OF CLERGYMEN AND GENTLEMEN at a very moderate cost. Above the Lower Forms there are two divisions: one prepares for the Universities, &c.; the other for the Services, Professional Examinations, and Mercantile Life. The School has valuable Scholarships at Oxford.—Apply to the Head-Master, Rev. E. SCHMERS.

EDUCATION at ZURICH.—Mr. F. DE BAUDISS, formerly one of the Assistant Masters at Wellington College, receives a limited number of PUPILS, and will have VACANCIES at Easter. The house is healthily situated, and the style of living is arranged to suit English habits. Mr. DE BAUDISS is assisted by competent Masters, and is able to offer, in addition to French and German, and the usual subjects of a liberal education, special facilities for the study of Physical and Mathematical Science. Advanced Pupils have the opportunity of attending the Lectures of the Polytechnic School of Engineering, Agriculture, and other branches of Applied Science.—For terms and references, apply to F. DE BAUDISS, Wiesenstrasse, Seefeld, Zurich.

EDUCATION in BERLIN.—A PROFESSOR OF LANGUAGES receives into his family YOUNG ENGLISHMEN desirous of acquiring a thorough knowledge of GERMAN. Good English references.—Apply to Dr. W. BEGMANN, Ritterstrasse 38, Berlin.

WOOLWICH and ARMY DIRECT.—Rev. Dr. HUGHES (Wrag. Cam.), who, with Twenty Years' experience, has passed 300 (and last September, for Woolwich), receives a few PUPILS expressly for the above.—Castellar Court, Ealing, W.

FOLKESTONE.—Mr. W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. Oxon. (formerly Principal of the Elphinstone High School, Bombay), will continue, with the assistance of a Cambridge Honour-Man, to prepare PUPILS for the Universities, Indian Civil Service, Woolwich, and all Competitive Examinations.—Terms and References on application.

THE INCUMBENT of a Parish near Oxford, late Tutor in several families of distinction, and Master in a Public School, has VACANCIES for PUPILS preparing for Oxford Matriculation or Responses. Terms, £200. References given and required.—Address, Rev. M. A. OXON, care of Mr. Hayes, Lyall Place, Eaton Square.

LITTLE BOYS.—Rev. R. A. CAYLEY wishes for Four or Five LITTLE BOYS to EDUCATE (with the assistance of a Tutor) with his Son, aged Seven years. Large house, healthy country, every comfort.—Scampton Rectory, Lincoln.

ISLE OF WIGHT (the Coast).—TWO BOYS can be received into the Family of a Beneficed CLERGYMAN. Aged Ten to Twelve. A Resident Tutor. No other Pupils. Terms, 150 Guineas each.—Address, VICAR, care of Mr. Frowde, 53 Paternoster Row, London.

A CAMBRIDGE M.A. (Wragler) recommends his SCHOOL, on the South-West Coast, so specially suitable for BOYS who, from weakness of health or backwardness in education, are unfitted for a Public School. Inclusive Terms, £81.—Address, TEACHER, care of R. J. C., 14 Cecil Street, Strand, S.W.

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PRIVATE TUTOR.—Preparation for Cambridge, the Army, or Home Civil Service, by a GRADUATE in Mathematical Honours, living in the Country by the Seaside.—Address, THE VICAR, Clergy Room, Mr. Wilmshurst's, East Street, Chichester.

WANTED, a RESIDENT TUTOR, well qualified to Read the Undergraduate Course of Trinity College, Dublin, with Two Brothers who have matriculated, and the elder of whom is in his Junior Sophister year. Competence to prepare the latter for an Army or Civil Service Competitive Examination would also be desirable. Terms must be moderate.—Address, with copies of Testimonials, stating age, &c., J. B., Brighton Villa, Sydney Parade, near Dublin.

A TUTOR, of Ten years' experience in Schools and in preparing Pupils for the Universities and Competitive Examinations, has SEVERAL HOURS DISPOSED. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Schools visited.—Address, HISTORICUS, care of DEEN & JONES, Advertising Agents, Spring Gardens, S.W.

BERWICK GRAMMAR SCHOOL. HEAD-MASTER WANTED.

The Vacancy in the Head-Mastership of the above School, advertised in December last, and then filled up, has again arisen from unforeseen circumstances, over which the Trustees had no control.

The Trustees will meet on Tuesday, the 31st inst., to appoint a Head-Master, who will be required to take charge of the School on and after May 1st next.

Gentlemen desirous of becoming Candidates on the present occasion are requested to forward their Applications, with one Copy of three Testimonials, to the Clerk to the Trustees, on or before Friday the 20th inst. On application, particulars will be furnished to those who have not already seen them.

Ravensdowne, Berwick, March 3, 1874.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Boston, Lincolnshire.—A SECOND MASTER is REQUIRED for the above School. Candidates must be Graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, or Durham, and members of the Established Church; and will be required also to produce Testimonials of good character and of ability to teach the Greek, Latin, and French Languages, Algebra, and the usual branches of a sound English Education.

Duties to commence on August 3 next. The Stipend (arising from Rents, Dividends, and Capitation Fees) is about £300 per annum. The Second Master is prohibited from holding any Ecclesiastical Preferment, and also from taking Boarders.

Candidates are requested to forward their Testimonials before April 6 next to Mr. GEORGE WILKS, Clerk to the Charity Trustees, Boston.

FOREIGN CHAPLAINCY.—Any CLERGYMAN in Priest's Orders who is willing to UNDERTAKE the DUTIES of the CHAPLAIN for Two or Three Months this Summer, is requested to communicate with the ENGLISH CHAPLAIN, Wiesbaden, Germany (prepaid, 3d.) A permanent arrangement might be made for a resident Curate.

NEW ZEALAND and other COLONIES.—An ENGLISH GENTLEMAN wishes to SEND one of his SONS to the care of a respectable FAMILY in NEW ZEALAND, or one of the ENGLISH COLONIES, in which he would be trained and fitted for some useful occupation and for a Colonial life.—Address, stating conditions of such an arrangement, to S. B., care of Mr. Bumpus, 135 Oxford Street, London, W.

TO PARENTS and GUARDIANS.—A VACANCY occurs in the Office of a firm of London Merchants connected with Country Manufacturers, in the same family. A young Gentleman could be admitted to the knowledge of both BUSINESSES. Premium and references required.—Address, G. C. H., Helios House, Blythe Hill, Forest Hill, S.E.

A FIRM of CIVIL ENGINEERS, in good practice, wish for an ARTICLED PUPIL.—Address, X. Y., care of the Porter, 1 Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, S.W.

MESSRS. BOOSEY & CO. have REMOVED from Holles Street to 235 REGENT STREET, adjoining the Polytechnic.

NOTICE of REMOVAL.—H. J. CAVE & SONS, Railway Basket Makers, by Special Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, Manufacturers of Portmanteaus, Travelling Bags, English and Foreign Basket Work, &c. have REMOVED to much larger premises, 40 WIGMORE STREET between Welbeck Street and Wigmore Street. * N.B.—New Illustrated Catalogues for 1874, free by post for Two Stamps.

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GALE	—	—	—
MADRAS	—	—	—
CALCUTTA	—	—	—
PENANG	—	—	—
SINGAPORE	—	—	—
CHINA	—	—	—
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For Rates of Passage Money and Freight, and all other information, apply at the Company's Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C., and for Passenger and Parcel Business only, at 25 Cockspur Street, S.W.

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